WOMEN WRESTLING

VOL.1
NO.3
50p

The ONLY British Journal dedicated exclusively to the Pro and Amateur Female Boxing and Wrestling Scene

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- PROFILE ON THE GIRL FIGHT STARS
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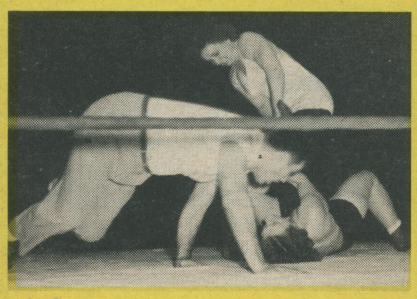

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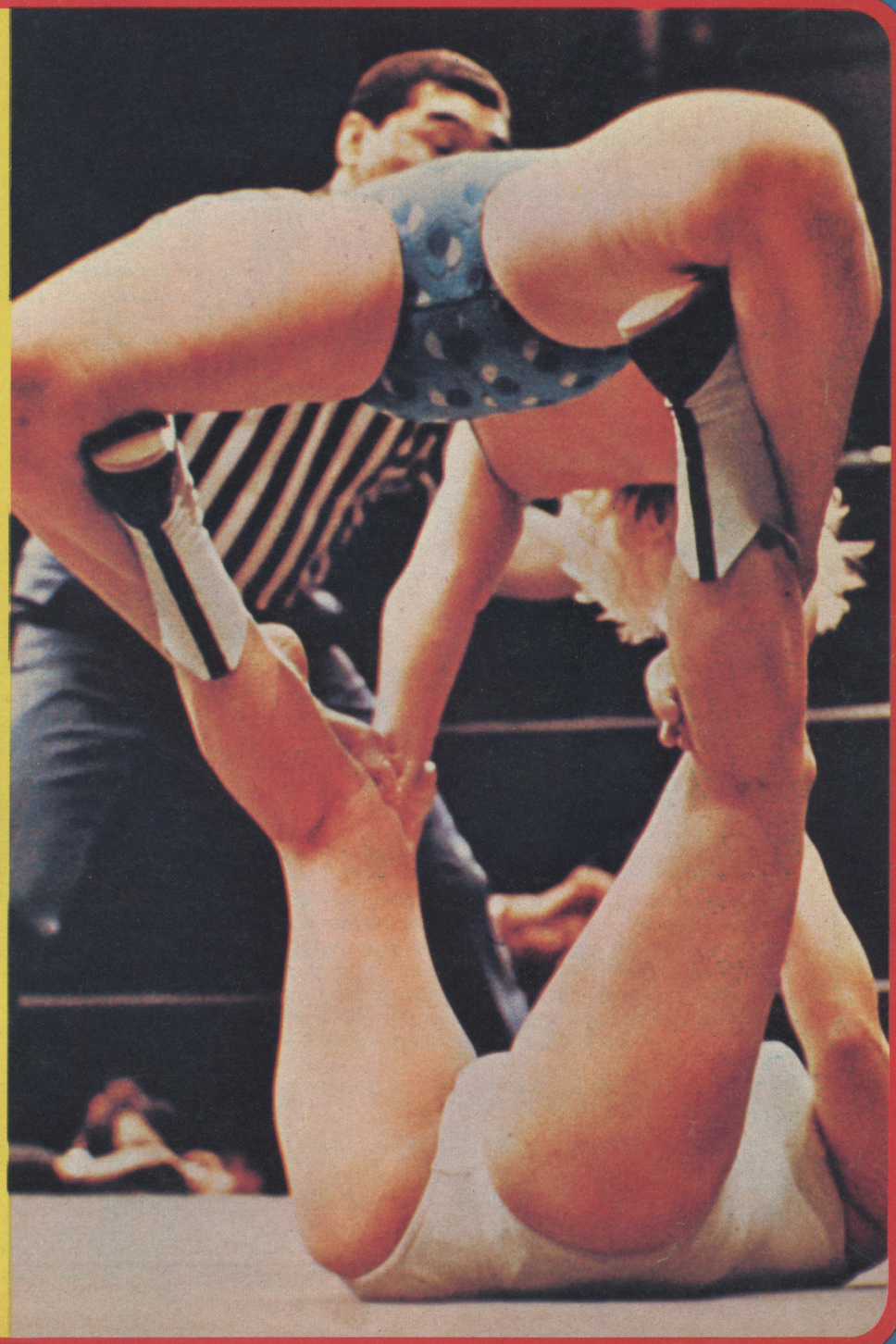

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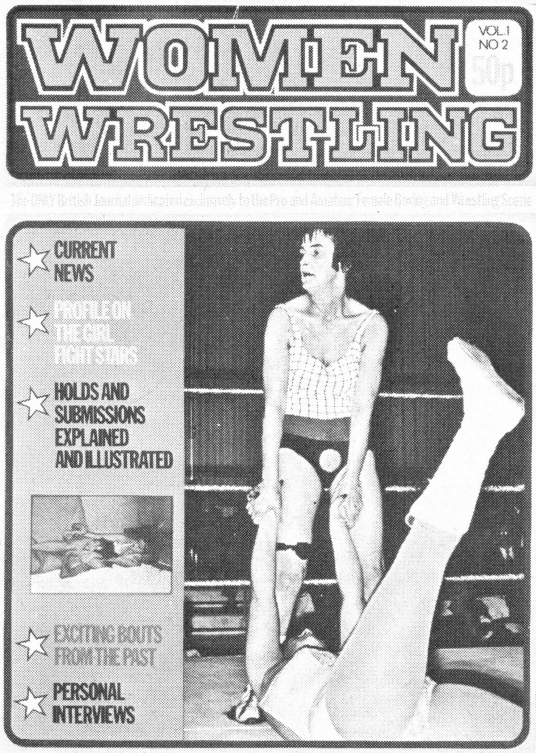

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EDITORIAL

At the time of writing it is still too early for much reaction and comment on the first issue of WOMEN WRESTLING to have reached us.

But here are a few comments from some of those to whom advance copies were sent:

From Jo and Jeff Bray, organisers of the New England Women's Amateur Wrestling Association (NEWAWA):

"Let us thank you so much for the copy of WOMEN WRESTLING. We believe it is the best magazine on the subject of women's wrestling and boxing that we have seen! Its greatest asset seems to be a complete mixture of all types of information and stories covering all facets of the sports. It is very well done. We would like to subscribe to the magazine and get a copy of all issues that are published . . . there is no price for overseas subscriptions, but we definitely would like one."

From Judell Du Long, Women's Amateur Wrestling 'Submissions Only' Champion, Westminster, California:

"I have just received the first issue of WOMEN WRESTLING and I believe it to be the finest effort in this field that I have ever seen. This first issue covers all bases and if you maintain this same high quality you will be providing a great service to the many men AND women around the world who enjoy this great sport. Please enter my subscription at once starting with Vol. 1, No. 2 . . . I will be most happy to forward material to you in future but I'll await word from you and if you desire this material. My 100% honest approach to my sport may not please you. I hope it does however!" Readers of our second issue, where we featured Judell's match with Linda Schultz, closely based on her own account and illustrated with photos, will know her 'approach' certainly does please us!

From Johnny Dubliss of Montoya Enterprises Inc., Los Angeles, who manages or does publicity for several US girl fighters, including Jan Haefner, Dianna Syverson, Ersi Arvizu, and Jackie Tonawanda, actions speak louder than words—as can be seen from the splendid photos of the last named that he has sent us which are featured in this issue.

Whilst from Jan 'Bullets' Haefner herself, who has been actively boxing and wrestling for some years (and who has appeared on some of the best films from 'California Supreme'), comes the following:

"It seems there is much interest in women's boxing and wrestling in England. I would like to challenge Vicky Montrose; and hopefully get together someday with her. As of now I'm seriously training for my first Pro fight. At the present I'm 5 ft. 3 in., 130 lb. Looking forward to hearing more about the girl fighters in England. Well, will close for now. Time to hit the sack—as Johnny likes me to run at 5 o'clock—a.m., that is!"

Just to show we don't only quote complimentary and flattering remarks, gratifying though those are, here's some from Barbara Raichle, the editor and publisher of 'Hits & Misses' (the only magazine devoted solely to women's boxing):

"It is certainly to be wished that you will be able to improve WOMEN WRESTLING since the first issue was rather disappointing . . . I sincerely hope you will make an effort to separate the legitimate from the junk", whilst in her own magazine, she claimed it was of "the girly-girly ilk". I'm sure that'll amuse Sue Britttain, one of the fighters featured extensively in that first issue, for one—how does she like being equated with the 'Playboy' centrefold!

But seriously, though, Barbara, and all other readers, after these first few issues WOMEN WRESTLING must be what YOU make it—if you don't feel there's enough 'straight' reporting, or whatever, then it is up to you to rectify this. We can only publish what is contributed, or a selection of it. We—the editorial staff—can't be all over the country—let alone the world—to witness and report on women's wrestling and boxing bouts—professional, let alone amateur, privately held matches. So we must rely on those of you who are fortunate enough to attend them to let us know about them. In this issue a reader has contributed an account of a pro wrestling match at Southsea between Vicky Montrose and Akala Jan—sadly he didn't have his camera with him—but this is just the sort of account we're delighted to receive, especially if some pics can be supplied too. Up until now the media has sadly neglected or ignored the girls' matches—now with your very own magazine this can be rectified.

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MILICA MILAN

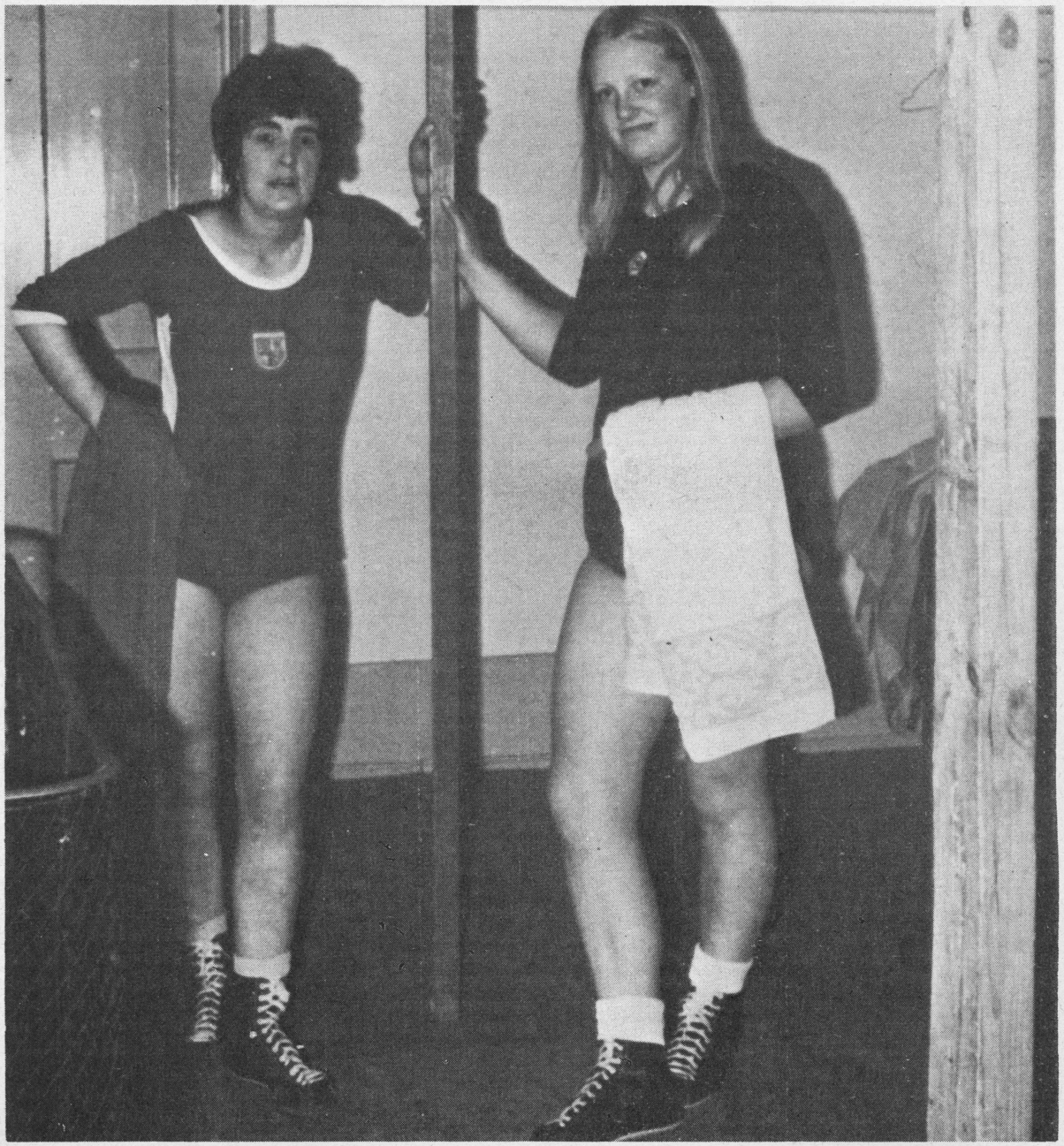
Glamour Star of the Mat

Milica Milan was the other finalist in the all BWA Girls' tournament to decide the Official Ladies' Championship, when she fought Sue Brittain.

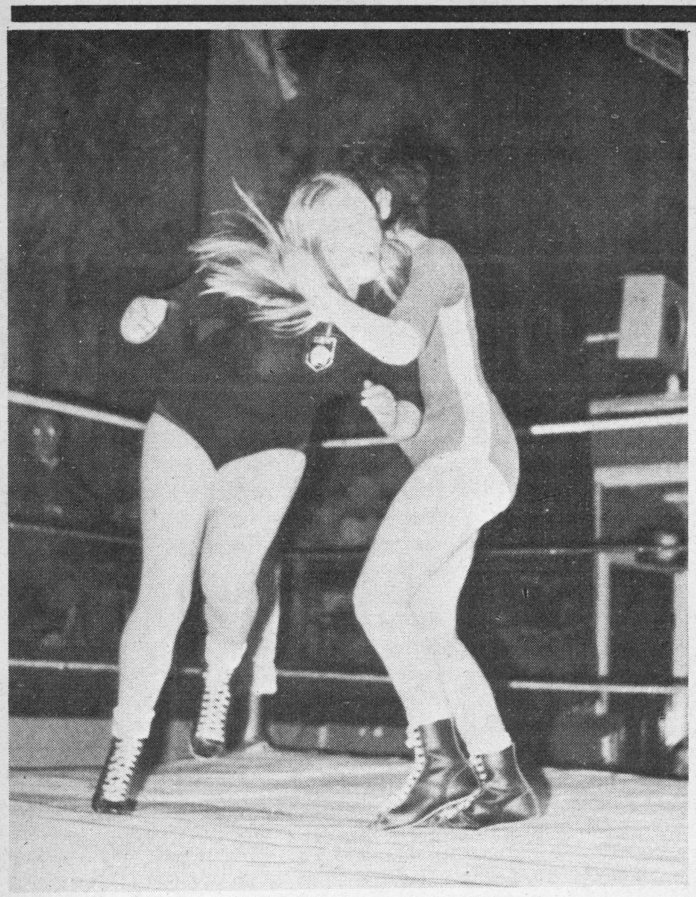
Milica has appeared in most parts of Britain at times, and is an understandably popular draw.

In these photos she and Sue Brittain appear before and during their Championship match.

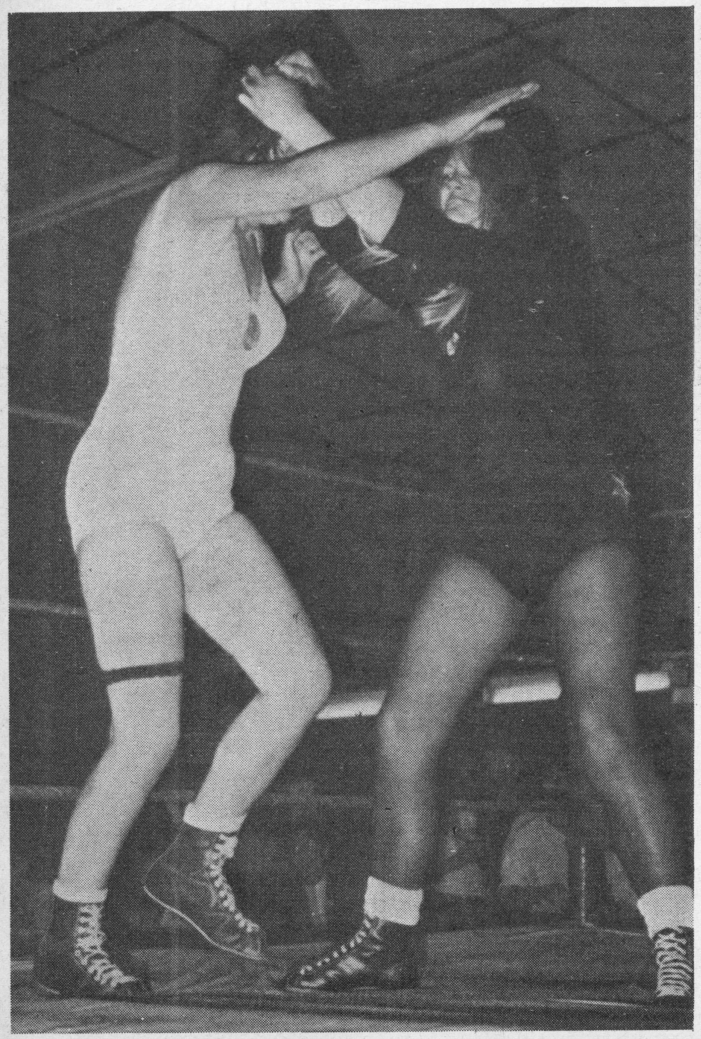
In an illustration to our feature on the Bow-and-Arrow or Surfboard submission hold, Milica can also be seen in another painful encounter with Sue Brittain.

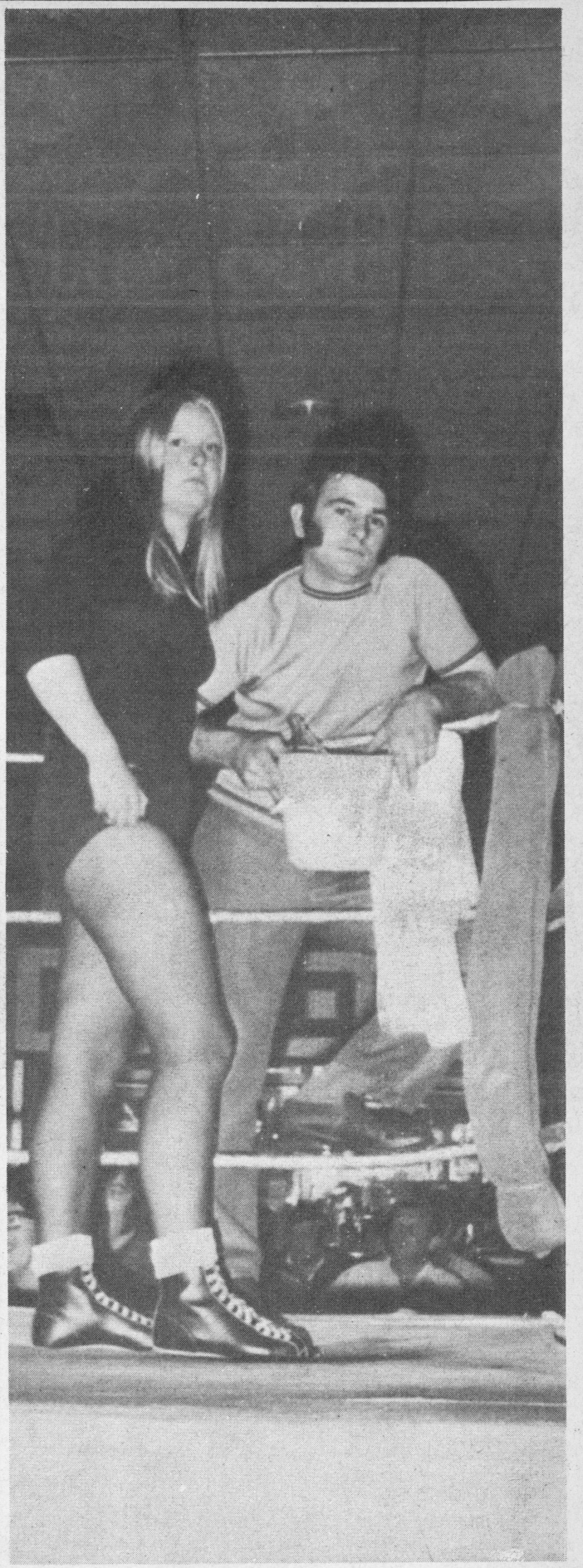


MILICA MILAN and Sue Brittain in a special pose for WOMEN WRESTLING taken before their Championship match.



MILICA in trouble.





MILICA MILAN in her corner at the outset of the bout.

East Coast Champion

JO BRAY

Earlier this summer I had the great pleasure of meeting one of the few amateur women wrestlers active (or anxious to be active) in this country—Linda Schultz—and her husband Larry; and a few days later, in their company, over here on a visit from the States, her friend and opponent of many bouts, Jo Bray—again with her husband, Jeff.

I won't say I don't know about their wrestling prowess, as, although I wasn't to have the pleasure of seeing it, so to speak, in the flesh, I have seen them on film, and they're both damn good! But, even if they weren't, I would still feel there must be something about wrestling which brings in exceedingly attractive and charming girls. We had an absolutely super day together, sightseeing London, on less than a pound a head, too! And ended up in the offices of *Women Wrestling.* Here the girls had hoped to put on an exhibition for us, but unfortunately this didn't prove possible—perhaps it was better that way, as after our sight-seeing, and it was in that really hot weather, I can't believe they'd have been at their most energetic. Nevertheless, the meeting of all concerned was most worthwhile, and the first fruits of it can be seen in some of the material in this issue, which we reproduce with the Brays' permission from their own excellent magazine, 'Newawa Grapevine'.

The New England Women's Amateur Wrestling Assn., Inc. (NEWAWA), which the Brays founded, is an affiliate of the AWWA, and like other branches exists to promote women's amateur wrestling and boxing as *bona fide* sports. At NEWAWA they have two main goals in addition to furthering their members' enjoyment of wrestling and boxing. One goal is to teach and develop the skills of wrestling and boxing to women and girls, and, by so doing, encouraging women and girls to participate in these sports and to get maximum enjoyment from them, by realising their individual potentials. In working towards that goal, NEWAWA has started wrestling classes for Junior and Senior School girls (we hope to publish pictures and an account of these activities shortly).

The other main goal is to attain more public awareness and acceptance of women participating in amateur wrestling and boxing, to the extent that women's participation in tennis is now accepted. NEWAWA is especially interested in encouraging women of all ages, whether they are housewives, working, or college women, to participate in these sports.

They realise that accurate publicity of

their activities is a necessary essential to realise this goal. Already there have been newspaper articles on the girls' wrestling classes and on the club, a film made for TV with national distribution, a videotape for cable TV, magazine articles and even printed T-shirts to let the public know how proud they are of their sport!

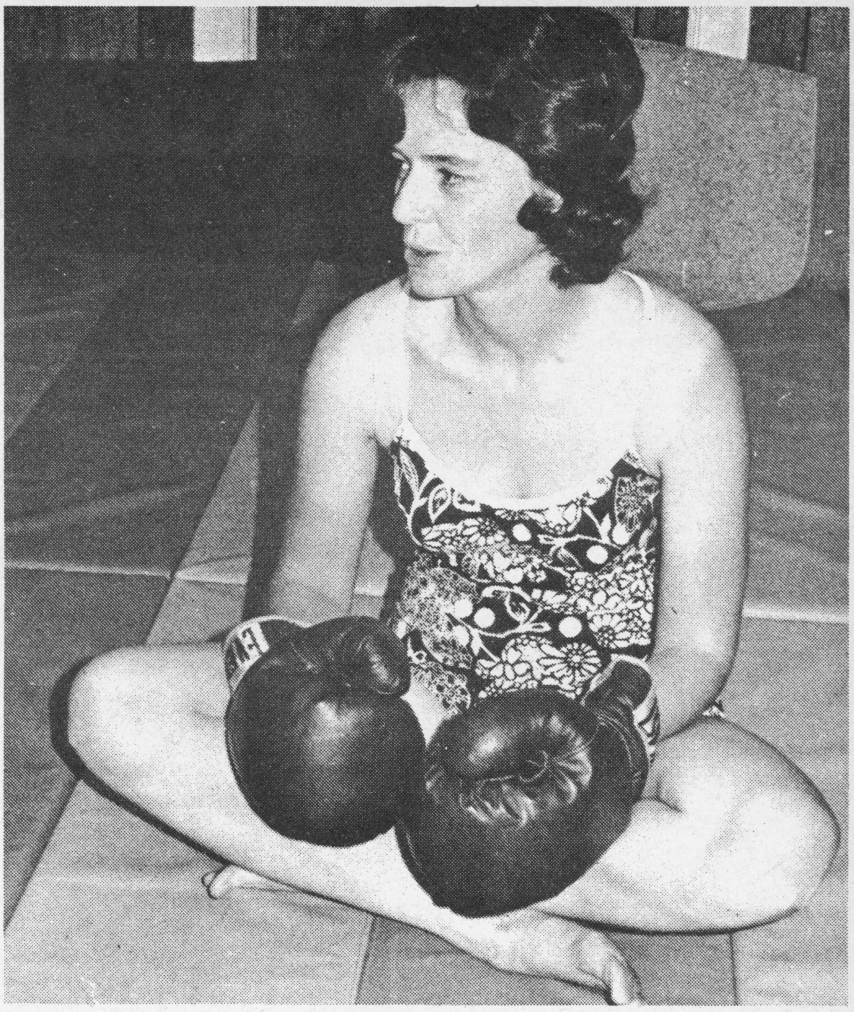
Jo herself has some interesting views on matches including BOTH pins and submissions:

"I am against submission only matches, as well as pins only matches (for adults), because I feel to eliminate either one makes less of a contest. I think that the skills involved in submissions and pins are equally important, but different, to be a well rounded wrestler, one should be able to use both well.

"Interestingly, pins only matches tend to be more active; since a submission hold on your opponent is of no advantage in securing a pin, you might as well use it only to secure a better advantage, and then proceed with other moves toward a pin. Balance and leverage are two of the most important skills involved in working toward a pin.

"Submissions only, on the other hand, are interesting because of the struggle involved, with strategy necessary to stay out of submission holds as well as to figure a way out of the hold once applied, before submitting becomes necessary. It can also be quite a challenge to manoeuvre your opponent into your submission hold.

"Since both types of wrestling are exciting in their own way, why not use BOTH together?"



As an introduction, we are reprinting from their magazine 'Grapevine', with their kind permission, an account and some pictures of a practice session held at the New York Club, when Jo met Lori Schofield, the East Coast Lightweight champion.

And to conclude, we print a pensive shot during a pause in a boxing workout—yes, she boxes too—and finally, a great action photo of a bout with Linda Schultz—which shows that however good friends they are off the mat, that's all forgotten when they're at grips!

LORI V JO

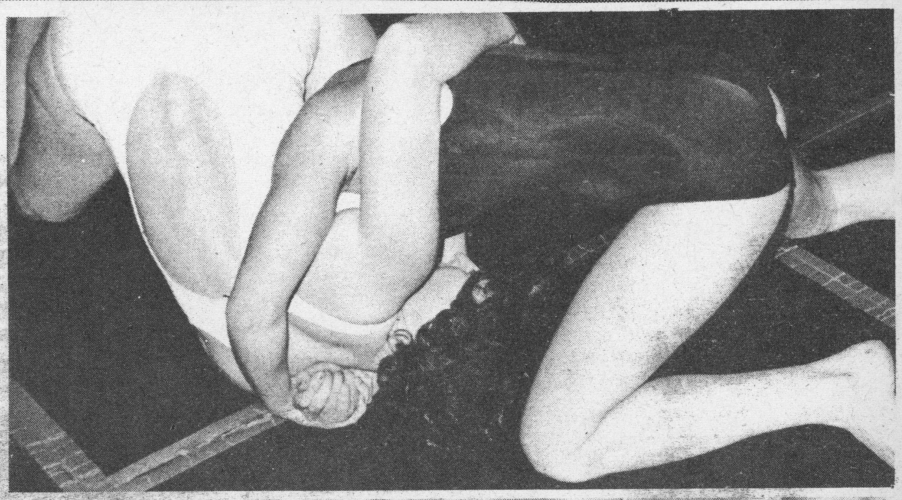
At a practice session recently held at the New York Club, Lori Schofield (Jersey Shore Club), the East Coast Lightweight Champ, and Jo Bray (NEWAWA), the New England Middleweight Champ, met to wrestle each other for the first time. Each was very curious about how she would fare against her opponent. Since they are in different weight classes there was nothing

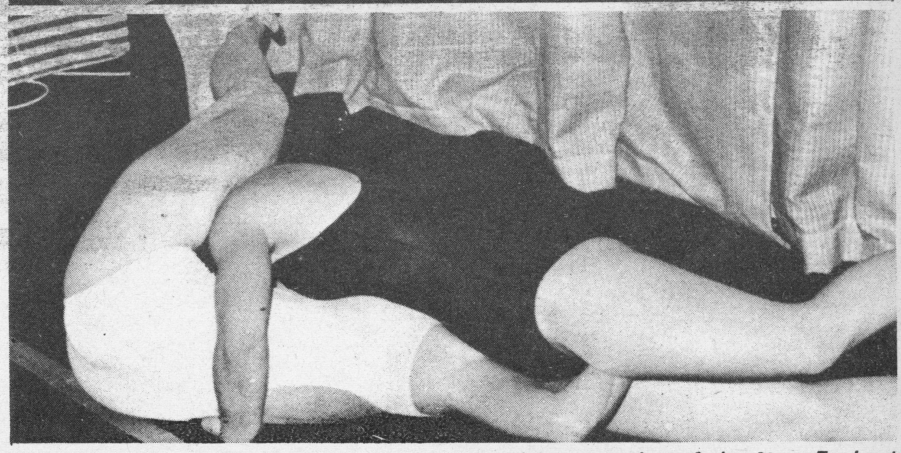
official about the match, but each was proud of her reputation and title and wished to do her best.

The first fall had a two-minute time limit. Jo, 131 lb., started off well and seemed to have control when Lori, 117 lb., bounced back and after some spirited action, they went off the mat. The wrestling was resumed from the referees position in the centre with Lori on top. Joe quickly reversed her position and came down on top of Lori for a cross body pin. After maintaining that position for what seemed like some time, Lori managed to struggle free. A few seconds later, Jo used a half-nelson to put Lori on her back as the time ran out.

The second fall was almost a repeat of the first fall, with Jo in control for most of the 3 minutes and winning a unanimous decision in both falls.

Lori started the third fall much more aggressively and gained quick control. After a good struggle, Jo recovered and went for a pin. After about 45 seconds, Lori was not about to let a repeat of the first two falls happen, and with great determination, got up off her back. With her great strength, Lori managed to flip Jo onto her back. Lori tried to put a head scissors on Joe, but it was blocked when Jo thrust her arm between Lori's legs to break the hold. After Jo struggled for some time to gain a better position, she caught Lori's head with her leg and brought it down into a head scissors. As Jo was about to regain control, the three minutes time was up and Lori had won by a decision. The final score was Jo two falls, and Lori one fall by decisions.





Reprinted (by kind permission of the publishers) from the NEWAWA 'Grapevine' (the magazine of the New England Women's Amateur Wrestling Assn. Inc.), Box 435, Torrington, Conn. 96790, USA].

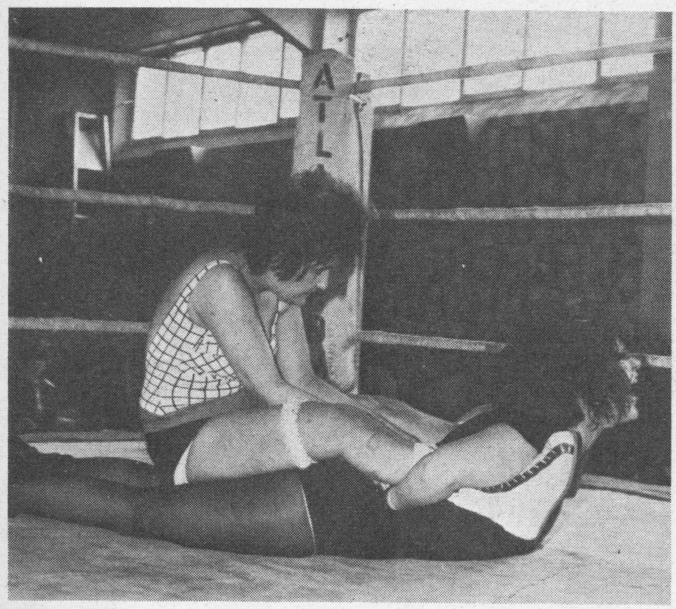
HOLDS, FALLS and SUBMISSIONS Explained and Illustrated

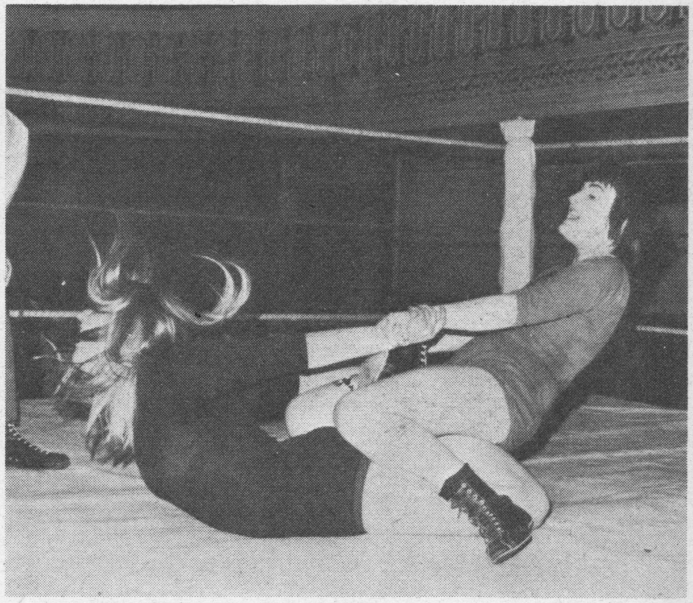
Whether you are an active participator in the sport or an enthusiastic watcher your pleasure will be increased the more you know about the game and so in each issue of WOMEN WRESTLING we will be explaining the many and varied holds and falls, and to help you understand better we will be showing you action shots

This month we are telling you about

The BOW AND ARROW SUBMISSION

otherwise called the Surfboard Submission





The aim of this hold is to apply pressure to the spine, so that the submission is instant.

In the first photograph Sue Brittain is applying the Bow-and-Arrow hold and gaining a submission from Belle Starr.

In the other illustration the end of a match at Morley is shown, with Sue Brittain again extorting a submission, this time from the unfortunate Milica Milan. It will be noted that in both cases the victims are screaming—a very painful hold!

As can be seen, the two photos show variations of the hold. In the first, Sue uses the weight of her body to hold down the lower half of her opponent. Meanwhile full pressure is applied by pulling with both the hands and the feet, so that Belle Starr is raised high, thus causing pain to the mid-spine.

In the fight with Milica Milan, the weight of Sue's body is used to force down her opponent's legs. Again Milica's arms are pulled as far back as possible so that maximum pressure is placed on the mid-spine. Milica's desperate and agonised submission is obvious.

Not surprisingly, this is a favourite hold of Sue Brittain!

ANGELA'S STORY

Separate part of interview with Angela, dealing with the fight she picked.

She assures me that it is all true. Must say—I believe her.

After the affair at the Youth Club, I was definitely determined to have another fight. This time on my terms, and to suit my own taste. After sampling my first real fight, it proved to me that I needed this to bring my fantasising into the real thing.

I had to be careful though as I didn't want a street brawl, or a public cat-fight. It had to be arranged for myself, and whoever I selected, to be just her and I in private. Also it had to be a straight fight between us. Therefore I decided not to use a pub, or dance hall, to use as a hunting ground. Then I realised that the large office block in which I worked was simply teeming with women. There were five large companies using the place, so it didn't need to be one of our own girls.

After carefully watching, and waiting, I spotted the very one. She was about twenty years old, and worked on the next floor down to me. She was about my height, and I thought just about my shape and weight. Most important, she looked the right type. I casually questioned a couple of girls I about her. Craftily (I thought), I suggested that she seemed an unfriendly sort. Imagine how my tummy fluttered when I was told that she was a nasty bitch at times, and to keep clear of her. That decided me. I reckoned that if that was true, then she'd fight.

So I laid plans. Over the next two weeks, I did all I could to make her notice me. Sometimes I would bump into her. Once I pushed in front of her in the large general canteen on the top floor. Finally came the day when I really made contact. It was in the lift, and I'd caused us to collide.

"Not again," she said.

I was too excited to answer. My throat felt tight. An hour or so later I saw her on the basement stairs, obviously going for stationery. I was determined not to mess it up this time as I followed her down. I hung about on the stairs, hoping like mad that no one else would come along. Hearing the stores door open, and close, I heard her footsteps coming up towards me. As she came round the bend I moved forward and stopped her.

"Just a minute," I said. "What did you mean when you said, not again, in the lift?"

She just looked at me as if I were a piece of dirt and told me that I was the clumsiest bloody person in the building. My throat was tight again, and my mouth was dry. But this time I wasn't going to stop.

"Me? You're the one that's clumsy. You never look where you're going."

Again she just seemed to sneer at me, and told me to:

"Push off or else."

"Or else what?" I asked her. "Come on—or else what?"

This time she lost the sneer, and looked really annoyed.

"Or else you'll wish you'd never been born," she said.

By now I was really with it. My tummy was fluttering, and I was actually tingling with excitement. Wanting to prolong it I said:

"Who's going to help you do it then?"

Calling me a stupid bitch, she answered, "Just me," and started to put down her armful of stationery. I thought this was too quick. I didn't want to fight here. As luck would have it we heard some girls at the top of the stairs chattering as they started down. She picked up her papers, and very quietly said, "I'll see you later about this," and went up the stairs.

Following her quickly, past the chattering girls I caught her up on the ground floor. I just couldn't let it go now. I wanted a fight with her, and nothing was going to stop me.

The ground floor was busy, so I had to be careful. Catching her up, I said as softly as I could, "What are you going to do when you see me later—just talk—or are you thinking of having a fight?"

She looked all round, then at me. Just as quietly she said, "OK—do you want a fight?

"Why not?" I asked. "If you fancy your chances—why not have a fight?"

Here eyes were really gleaming now, and I'm sure her mouth was as dry as mine. "Why not?" she answered. "I'll fight you anytime you like."

"OK," I said, "meet me tomorrow in the rest room at about 9.30, it'll be empty then. We can make arrangements there."

"I'll be there," she said.

When I got back to the office I phoned her. (I'd got her number when I did my early checking.) When she answered, I told her it was Angela speaking, and that I was the one she'd been talking to just now.

She said "I can't speak freely from here."

"Don't worry," I said. "I just want to make sure about our fight." My throat felt closed up. "You're sure about it are you?"

Her voice sounded a bit thick as she said, obviously giving nothing away to anyone in her office, "I thought the arrangements were going to be made tomorrow, I hope the date still stands."

"Of course—just checking," I said. I thought you might change your mind," and hung up.

That night as the office block emptied, we suddenly met in the entrance hall. We just looked very coolly at each other. Coming up close, she said, looking straight into my eyes, "no need to check, I don't change my mind. You want to fight me, then I'll fight." Then she was gone.

After supper that night, I went to my room, and relived every word that had passed between us. My whole lower region was like water. All I could think of was the coming fight. I wanted it with all my heart. I thought, at last I've managed it my way, and on my own terms. All I had to do was make sure she wouldn't start to fight in the rest room tomorrow. No—it had to be in private

I fell asleep that night after racking my brains about a suitable place for us.

Next day I just couldn't eat breakfast. I was so keyed up, and so unable to keep still that my mother told me I was like a cat on a hot brick.

Anyway—I arrived at the office much too early, and just dithered till the girls started to arrive. I wondered whether to phone Pauline (her name of course), but forced myself to hold on. By twenty past nine, I really could hardly keep still. Again, I forced myself to wait. Finally I went to the rest room. She was waiting. Strangely at that moment, I remember thinking, I wonder if I look as cool, and attractive as she does? And she was. Her make up was just right, she was wearing one of those jersey wool dresses that did things for her, and she was leaning casually on the wall smoking a cigarette.

She leaned up from the wall and said, "Thought you weren't coming, I've been here ten minutes waiting."

My damn voice was thick again. I said, "Well—I'm here aren't I?" I had to draw breath to ease my fluttering. "Now—what about our fight—is it still on?"

"You bet it is," she said. She crushed out her cigarette, and removed her rings, and wristwatch.

"Right here?" she asked.

I thought—God no. It'll spoil all my plans.

"Oh no," I said, "not here."

"Why not?" she said. "Backing out?"

"No—I'm not backing out at all. If I'm going to fight, I want it in private, with no interference from anyone."

She put on her rings, and watch again. "Fair enough," she said. "Just you and me on our own." My heart leapt with relief. "That's right—just us."

She paused for a moment, then said "Maybe you'll wish someone had been around to stop me after the fight." Again she paused "Anyway—if that's how you

want it—it's alright by me."

"That's how I want it," I said. "Now—where and when."

She thought for a moment, and said, "What about the field behind the recreation ground? That's private enough."

Just right I thought. "OK with me," I said.

She nodded. Then said "What about tonight at eight-thirty? It'll be only just getting dark then."

By now I was so weak at the knees I wanted to sit down. I wanted this conversation to go on, and on. But I would be missed in the office, so had to go. "That's it then," I said. "Tonight at eight-thirty—I'll be there."

Again she nodded, and lit another cigarette. She seemed very cool, and calm, but I knew she must be feeling something. "I'll be waiting," she said, and turned to leave. Reluctantly I had to let her go, and left myself.

Till well in the afternoon, I was useless. I was clock-watching, and so keyed up that a couple of people asked if I was alright. I just had to have another word with Pauline, so I hung about near her office section. Luckily she came out, and I caught her up. I was so worked up I could hardly speak. I asked her "Is it still on for tonight?"

She looked at me for a moment, and answered "You bet it is—you want a fight with me, so you'll get one. Just make sure you turn up for it."

"I'll be there," I said, "and I'll fight alright."

She went to go, but I just couldn't help it. I stopped her and said "And I'll fight it right out too."

Her sneering look came back. She said "Is there any other way to fight?"

That night when I got home was awful. Again I could only pick at my tea. It was better when I went upstairs to get ready. I wondered what she'd wear. It would be marvellous if we could strip to our bra and pants, but didn't think I'd mention it. Not worth spoiling it I thought. Anyway, I dressed in a fairly short skirt, and a shirt blouse. No stockings or tights, and comfortable shoes. All old stuff, and I put a blouse, and skirt in my emptied make up case, just in case I needed them.

Then, feeling as weak as a kitten I turned up at the area behind the recreation ground. I was a bit early, and she hadn't arrived yet. I leaned on the wall, and was lost in thought over the last two days. The thoughts were really delicious, and I was warm, yet shivery all over. All of a sudden she was coming along the path by the wall. When she reached me, she lit a cigarette, and said "So you turned up after all." All I could do was just nod. She was wearing a raincoat, and her longish hair was pulled back, and tied at the back of her neck. She usually wore it down, so again my heart jumped as I realised that she had really got ready for it.

"Well?" she said, "what about over in that corner by the trees?"

"Let's go then," I answered.

We walked over together. It was about a couple of hundred yards I suppose, and all the way there, I was getting more and more worked up. It was really going to happen, and I couldn't have been more excited about it. When we got there I was much calmer, and my voice was almost normal again. I felt much more at ease now, and could hardly wait to get at her.

"This good enough?" she said.

Calmly this time, I answered her. "Just right."

My topcoat was off very quickly, and I was ready. She was slower than me, and took off her raincoat slowly. Then her rings, and watch went into her bag. My heart was beating fast again, and my flutter was back. Looking back on it I'm sure she was enjoying it. Whether it was sexy to her or not, I don't know, but I'm certain she liked a fight.

"Well then," I said, "What about it?"

She was very calm and collected, and she asked "This is it then, we've come for a fight, so fight."

"Come on then," I said, "let's fight it out."

She threw away her cigarette end, and came for me.

I remember very clearly that moment. We had our fists up, and I realised that I hadn't really thought how we were going to fight. It worked out though. We punched for a minute or so, then we were wrestling like mad. We were in a standing position, and I could feel her body through the thin sweater she was wearing. Also I realised that she was quite strong. Then—so was I.

I'm not sure how long we wrestled standing up, but suddenly we were both down on the grass. This was right up my street as I could move about more, and could really mix it on the ground.

She was really going all out on me, and I was in my element as we rolled around fighting hard. Somehow we rolled apart, and she stood up with me facing her. We were now both panting hard from the battle. She swore at me and said, "Come on, you wanted to fight, so fight."

This I loved. The chat always does things to me, so I said to her "Don't worry—we decided to fight it out didn't we? So come and fight it right out."

Then we were at it again. This time it was even harder. We were both panting with the force we were putting into it, yet we still found time to curse at each other. I remember thinking to myself that this was what I really wanted, and my ambition was being realised.

Looking back on it, the scrappy affair at the youth club had been nothing at all like this. This was the real thing at last.

I don't know how long we were at it, but we didn't let up at all. We just wrestled, and punched for all we were worth.

After a while we were on our feet again. I remember very clearly that Pauline was facing me with her fists clenched, and panting for breath as we both paused. I asked her if she was finished.

She said, "I thought this was to a finish?" Again we went at it. This time we were standing, and fighting with our fists for what seemed ages. I was getting hurt now, and so was she, but still I was in my element. Then again we closed together and wrestled, and again we went down. All I can remember of that, was that we were a real tangle of thrashing limbs, and we had stopped our swearing, and challenging remarks. It was now a hard grim fight with both of us determined to win. It seemed to be endless.

Unfortunately, it was very quickly over. Pauline got astride me, and was punching me hard. I managed to cover my face, but my head was really suffering. Anyway, I had to give in although it took some shouting from me to make her stop.

When we stood up, we were a right mess I can tell you. We were trying to clean ourselves up a bit, and I changed into my spare clothes. It was some time before we were feeling better, and got our breath back.

Apart from the pain I had, I was really glowing all over. It really was a wonderful experience for me. As we walked back, I asked her if she was satisfied. She told me that if I wasn't satisfied that she'd fight me again any time, any place. Again, I was so with it that I told her that was fine with me. Her answer was "Next time you want it, it won't be a do like that, why didn't you stand up and fight properly?"

Anyway, next day neither of us went to work. I'd had a devil of a job explaining to my parents as well. As we were with different companies, no one tied us both in with the time off.

It was a few days later when I saw her again. I managed to talk to her, and suggested another fight. All she said was "When someone wants a fight, I prefer someone who can really fight, not just roll around on the ground." She won twice really, once in the field, and once with words.

So—that's it. It was my first real fight. The first of many. It's different now, I can really wrestle, and box, and if need be I can stand up and trade punches with anyone. Although since then, I've never had a fist fight. Anyway, I prefer to wrestle, or wear gloves as it's much more enjoyable, and exciting to me.

★ ★ ★

Note—Angela read this, and remarked that I had 'tarted' it up a bit. She noted that some of the lines were not quite as she'd told them. I explained that it was very difficult to put it all down in her exact words. She agreed that generally it was pretty accurate, but she did say that it looked very strange in print.

Angela is such a source of information, that I am hoping she will talk to me again. She mentioned one fight she'd had in a ring. The only time she'd been in one. She was a little retiring on this one, but I'm hoping to get the story. The fact that she was not very forthcoming on this makes it even more interesting.

This was the first time the Hellions—Conrad and Starr—had teamed up in tag-wrestling, and they went in 'at the deep end' when they met up with the Champions —De-Main and Brittain.

The bout opened with both teams in the ring for the announcements. Then to their corners, and the men were to open the first session. The rules of Mixed Tag require the men to fight only each other and the women the same. Once a tag is made then both opponents withdraw so that the other two take the ring.

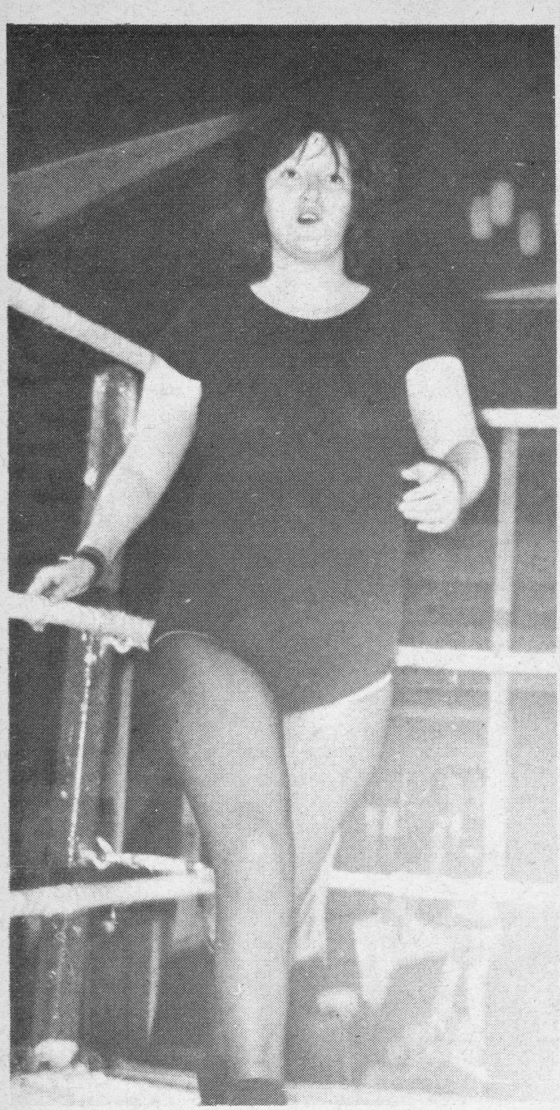
After a while Conrad tagged Starr and to a big cheer she entered the ring (PICTURE A) against Brittain. The girls both fought fiercely (PICTURE B), and after some while Sue Brittain opened the score with a leg submission on Belle Starr (PICTURE C).

The second session continued with the girls in the ring (PICTURE D) but Belle soon tagged to get out. From then on it was all against all! (PICTURE E).

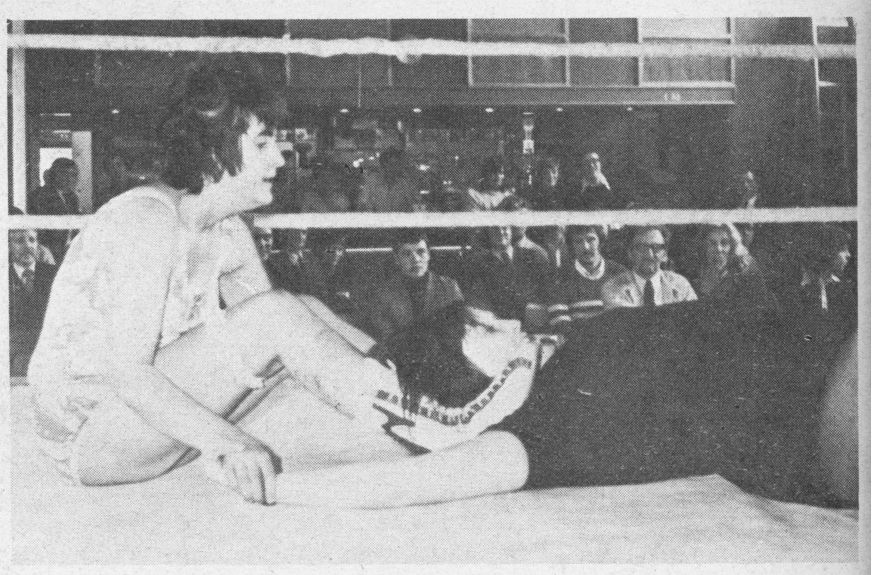
De Main nearly got away with a Boston Crab he applied on Conrad, but as the pressure on this was aided by Sue Brittain outside the ring the ref rightly would not allow this. (PICTURE F).

(PICTURES G & H).

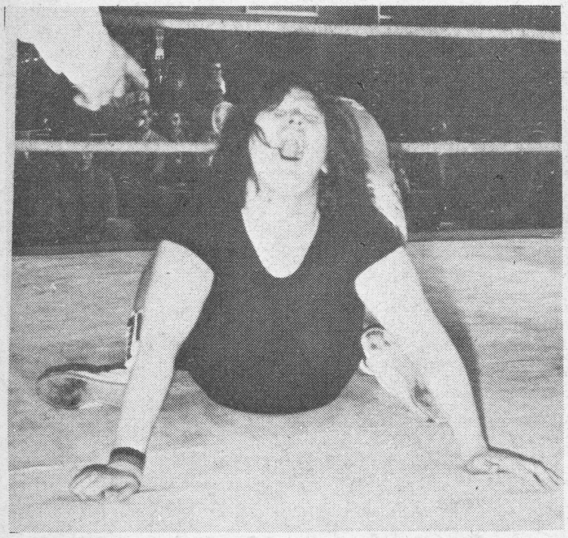
The bout ended with both teams disqualified when Belle Starr hit Sue Brittain in the bust (PICTURE J) and Sue retaliated by nearly KO'ing Belle with the ring post cap.



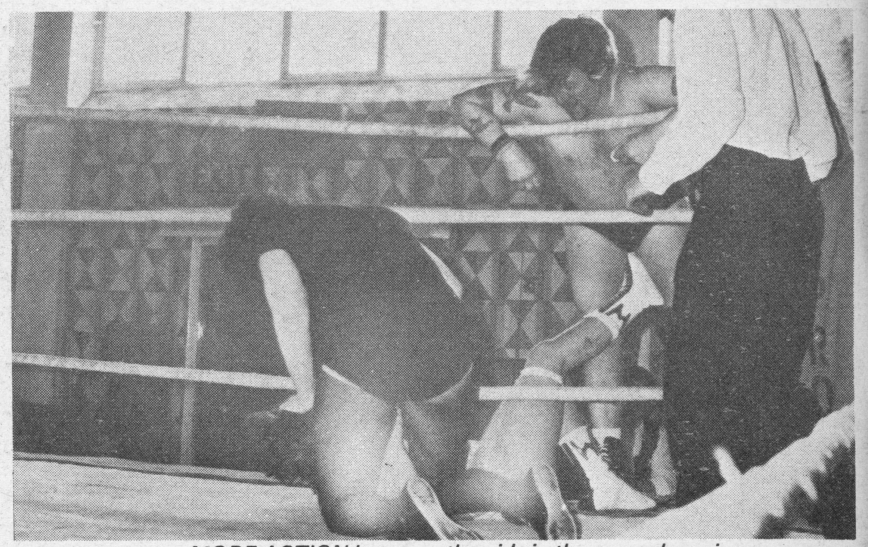
BELLE STARR enters the ring.



ACTION between Sue Brittain and Belle Starr.



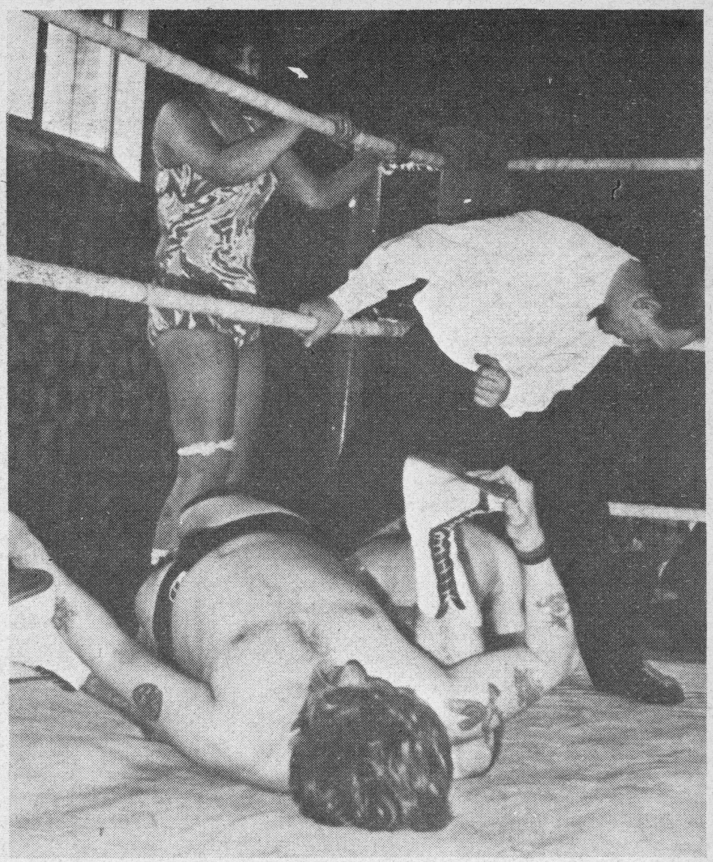
BELLE screams her submission to Sue's leg hold.



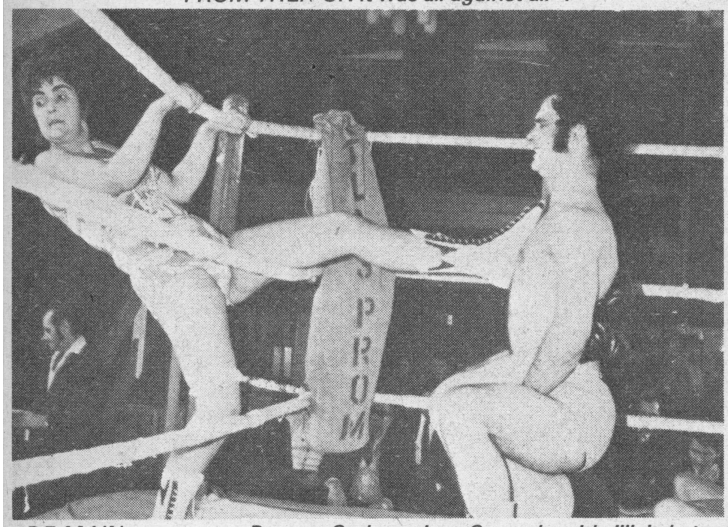
MORE ACTION between the girls in the second session.

The Hellions *Versu*

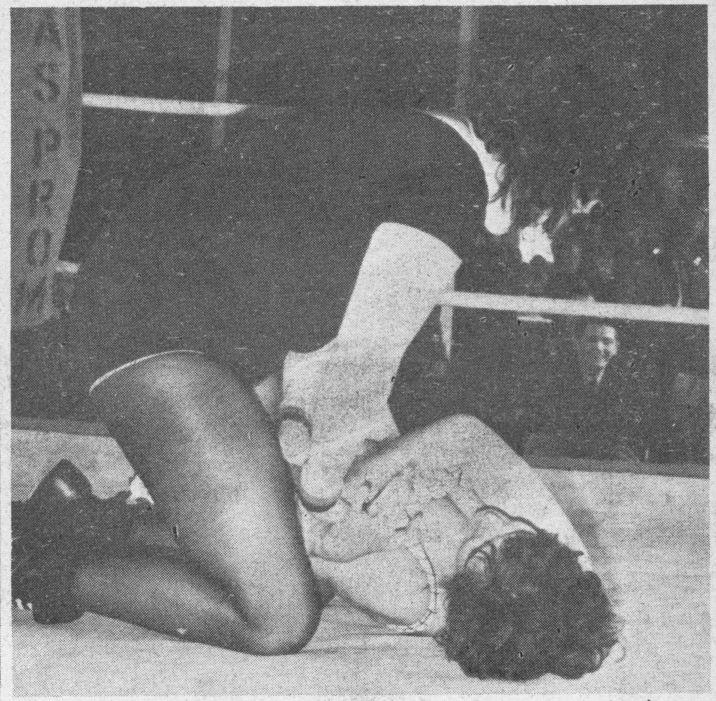
"FROM THEN ON it was all against all".



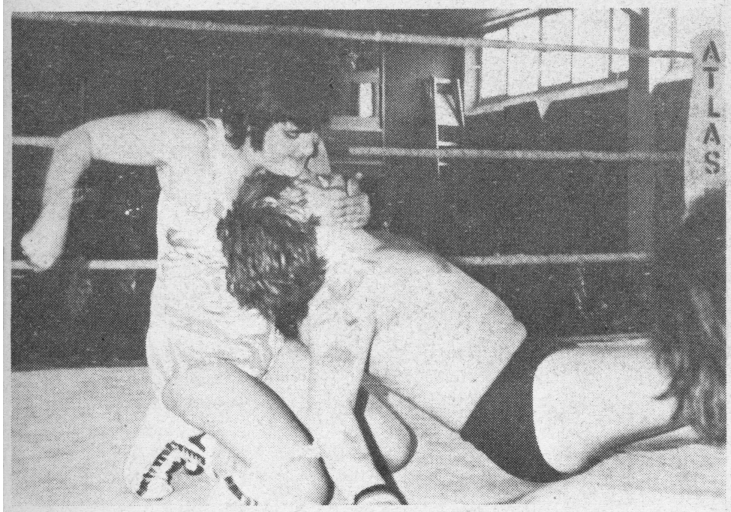
NEAR THE END—Conrad and De-Main, with Brittain in attendance.



DE-MAIN attempts a Boston Crab against Conrad, with illicit help from Brittain!



BELLE STARR goes for Sue Brittain in the bust—moments later Belle was nearly KO'ed with the ring post cap by an infuriated Sue.



SUE BRITTAIN attacks Alan Conrad.

s The Champions

FOREMOTHERS OF BOXING

By John Day

The following challenge was issued for a bout on 7th October, 1728:

"Whereas I, Ann Field, of Stoke Newington, ass-driver, well known for my abilities in boxing for the past four years, having been affronted by Mrs. Stokes, styled the European Championess, do fairly invite her to a trial of her best skill in Boxing for £10, fair rise and fall; and question not but to give her such proofs of my judgement that shall oblige her to acknowledge me as Champion of the Stage, to the complete satisfaction of all my friends."

The reply ran as follows:

"I, Elizabeth Wilkinson Stokes, of the City of London, have not fought in this way since I fought the famous boxing woman of Billingsgate 20 minutes, and gained a complete victory (which is six years ago). As the famous ass-woman of Stoke Newington dares me to fight her for £10, I do assure her I will not fail meeting her for the said sum, and doubt not that the blows I will present her with will be more difficult for her to digest than any she ever gave asses. Attendance will be given at one, and the encounter to begin at four precisely."

Upon her arrival the ass woman announced her intention to strip to the buff for the encounter, but Elizabeth would not at first comply, owing to there being a very large gathering to watch the fight. A compromise was reached, and each agreed to wear skirt and cap, but bodices were dispensed with.

After some minutes of exchanging hard blows to the face and nose, Elizabeth scored well to the ass-woman's stomach, and followed to her right eye.

Ann rushed in to retaliate but tripped over the hem of her skirt and fell, thus bringing the round to an end.

Unfortunately as she came to the ground her hands opened and she dropped the coins each held. Elizabeth claimed victory, but the President declared that as the round had ended with the ass-woman's fall, the dropping of the coins was no infringement.

Annoyed by this bit of 18th century gamesmanship, Ann Field attacked very hard on the resumption and closed one of Elizabeth's eyes. Before she could recover Ann landed several more heavy blows to her opponent's head and body, which almost brought her down, but she stayed on her feet and hit out gamely, and for a further ten minutes, blows were exchanged in profusion, many falling to sensitive parts before the ass-woman fell again from a knee kick to the stomach.

It was noticed that all four half-crowns had been dropped in the furious fighting, but since no one could ascertain who had dropped them first, no action was taken, and the holding of the coins was dispensed with.

More furious fighting took place on the resumption, the Champion aiming most of hers to the belly in the hope of finding the muscles weakened by her kick. But she was unsuccessful, and the third round ended when Ann, with a mighty blow to the chest (which from her cry put Elizabeth to great pain) knocked the Champion over the rails and off the stage, after half an hour's furious action.

The Champion was injured in the fall, and the President called time for her to recover sufficient to enter the fray again, much to Ann Field's annoyance for she wished to follow up the damage she had made during the previous thirty minutes.

At length hostilities were resumed, and after some hefty blows to the head and chest from each woman, the fighting became rougher, and the boxing deteriorated into the mauling tactics that abounded in prizefighting at that time.

When they had been fighting for some seventy minutes it became clear that Ann was tiring, but with a desperate blow to the head she levelled Elizabeth at her feet once again.

However, the Champion, despite her hurts, and the eye that had been closed early in the fight, got up again and resumed. Ann again threw a mighty punch to the chest, and Elizabeth was down again.

It seemed to be her last fling, and after that Elizabeth beat her opponent around the ring, until Ann, far gone in exhaustion fell gasping to the floor.

Elizabeth was ready to claim victory, but Ann was not done and still desperate and at the end of the half-minute allowed for recovery, was back fighting hard. With one eye closed, and the other nearly so, Elizabeth was despairing of scoring clean blows, and took grave punishment. But she seemed to be made of oak, and gained the greatest respect from the people spectating.

Almost ninety minutes had gone when Elizabeth came in, caught Ann about the thighs and tossed her off the stage. The challenger was injured in the fall, but was able to regain the ring within the half-minute allowed. The President on this occasion did not allow further time as it was five-thirty, and he was already late for tea.

It was disastrous for Ann. With a sprained leg, and already hurt much from the bitter battle she fell victim to a left to an eye, and a right which caught her in the temple and knocked her senseless.

Elizabeth never had another fight after that day but for several years longer was regarded as Champion. In 1735, when she was 31 years of age, she was forced to forego another challenge against a woman blacksmith, being pregnant at the time, and the title passed out of her hands, though for several more years she had a part in female pugilism of her time by acting as President in the many female fights that were staged in the Stokes arena.

Note. It will be seen that in answering the ass-woman's challenge Elizabeth Stokes refers to her fight of 20 minutes against the Billingsgate boxer. It is thought that she confused that fight, which is known to have lasted 58 minutes from an eye-witness, reported by Grant in TLR, with her earlier bout against Hyfield of the same year (1722).

Also she says that she had not fought for six years when she accepted Field's challenge. This is patently untrue. Grant suggests that what she meant was that she had not been called out by a PUBLIC challenge since that time. It is known that the statement is untrue because her marriage to Mr. Stokes was recorded in 1725, and at the time of the marriage he declared that he admired her as much for her constancy in the boxing ring as her handsomeness of features and carriage, and declares that he met her in his arena in Islington, where she had fought several times before their marriage. The fact that they had no children before 1732 when Elizabeth was 28 years old suggests that she was fighting regularly during the early phase of their marriage. It also suggests that she did fight again after her beating of the ass-woman, but nothing is recorded.

References: The challenges are found in 'Strange Reading' by Grant Uden (Newnes c. 1920). The fight in 'Follies and Fashions of our Grandfathers', A. Tiver (1886) and in 'The London Ring' by B. O. Grant (1860—private publication).

CLEETHORPES, Sunday 18th July 1976

A Mixed Bout between The RED BARON and AKALA JAN

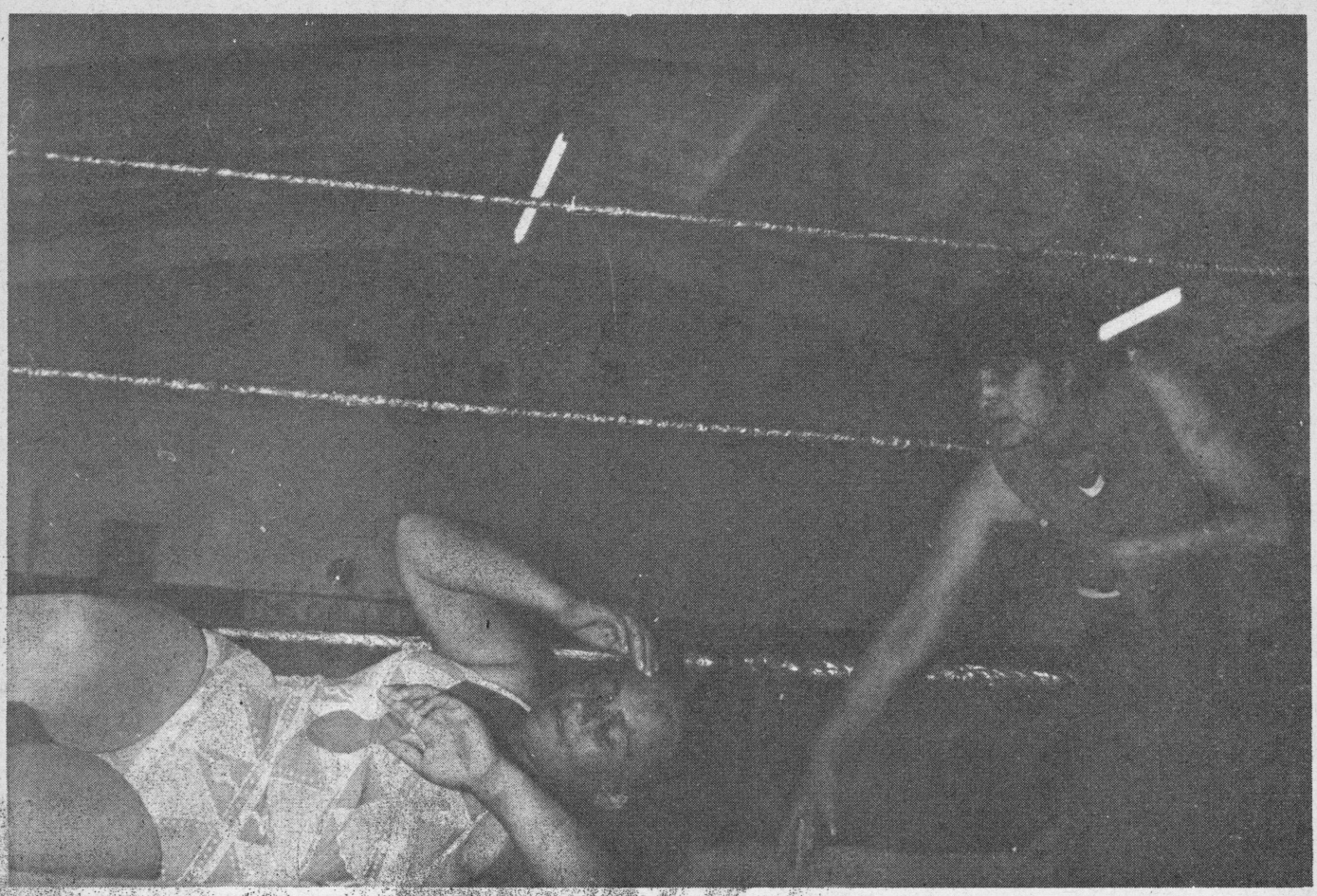
This was the first time Akala had ever gone in against a man in a single match, though of course as part of the tag-team THE CORSAIRS she is not unfamiliar with mixed wrestling where at least unofficially she may come up against male opposition.

The bout went well with plenty of orthodox wrestling in the first and second rounds. In the middle of the third round, the red-masked Baron opened the scoring with a good folding body press. This seemed to upset Akala who then abandoned straight wrestling, and soon received two public warnings for foul moves.

In the sixth round she did a perfect flying body slam pinning The Baron in the corner, slammed him again and threw him out of the ring. Falling heavily he was unable to regain the ring before the count was up, and was declared KO'ed.

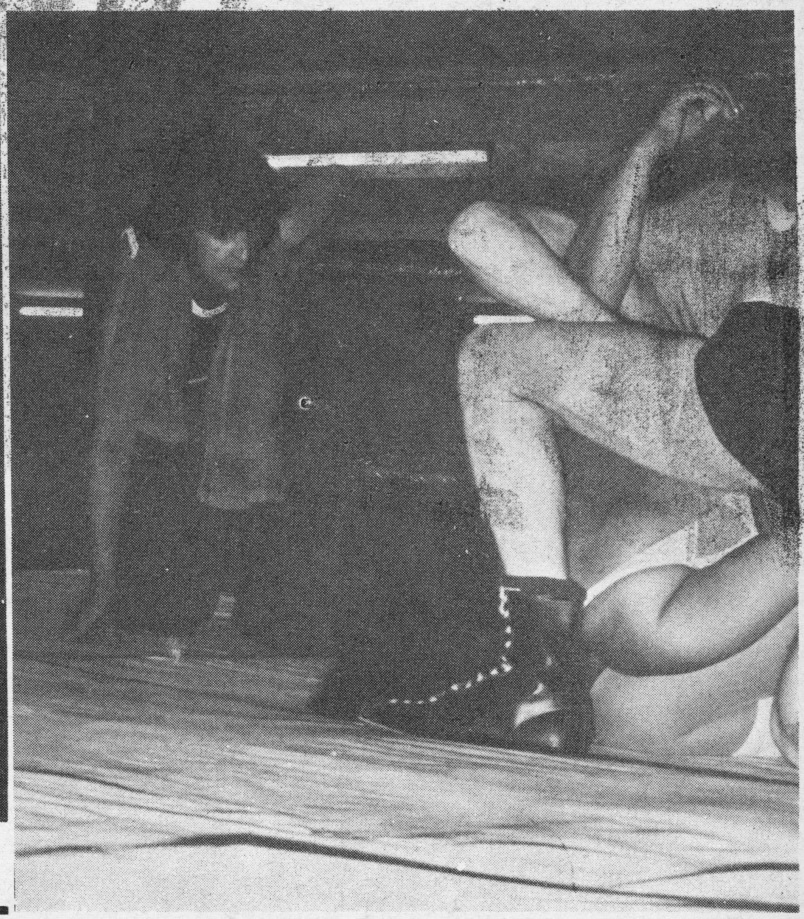
The winner, Miss Jan!

AKALA JAN, the ref (Sue Brittain), and the Red Baron, before the start of their match.



AKALA is thrown.

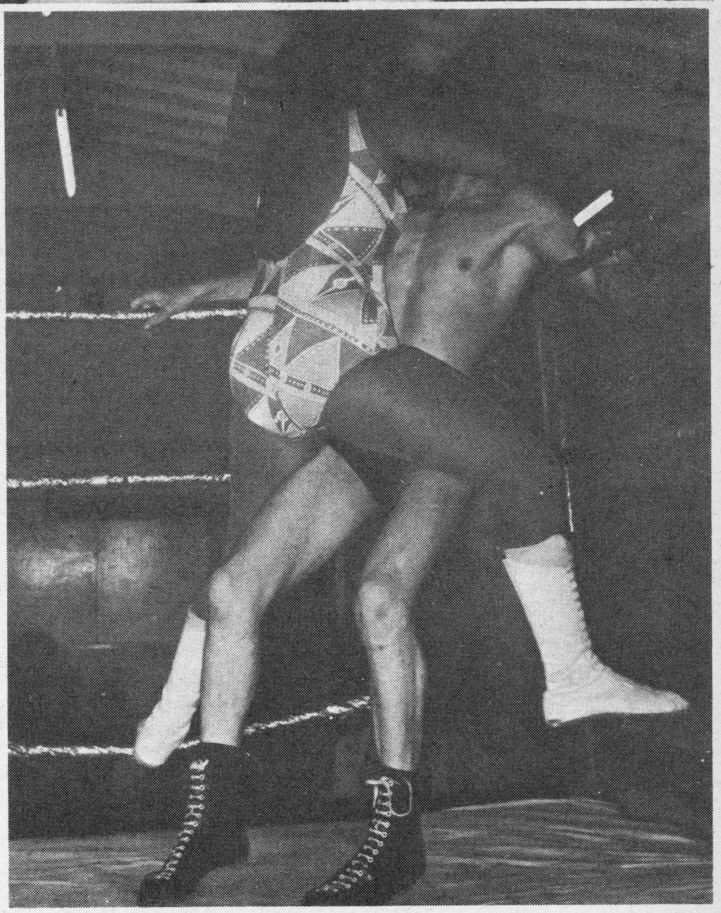
GETTING HER own back.



THE BARON works on Akala's arms.

AKALA on top.

The RED BARON and AKALA JAN

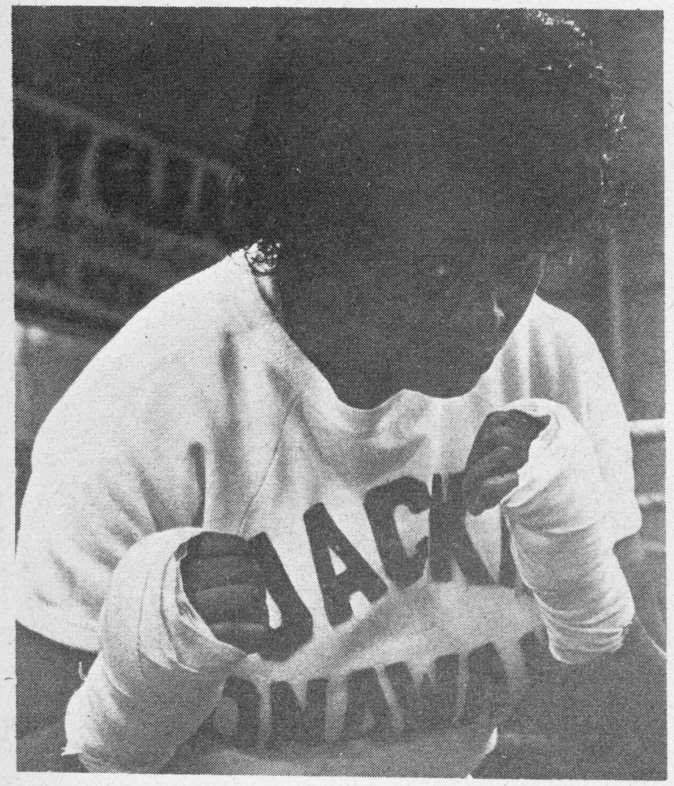


THE END! Akala's flying body slam pins the Red Baron in the corner—moments later he was thrown from the ring for a KO.

JACKIE TONAWANDA

Floats like a Butterfly, Stings like Ali.

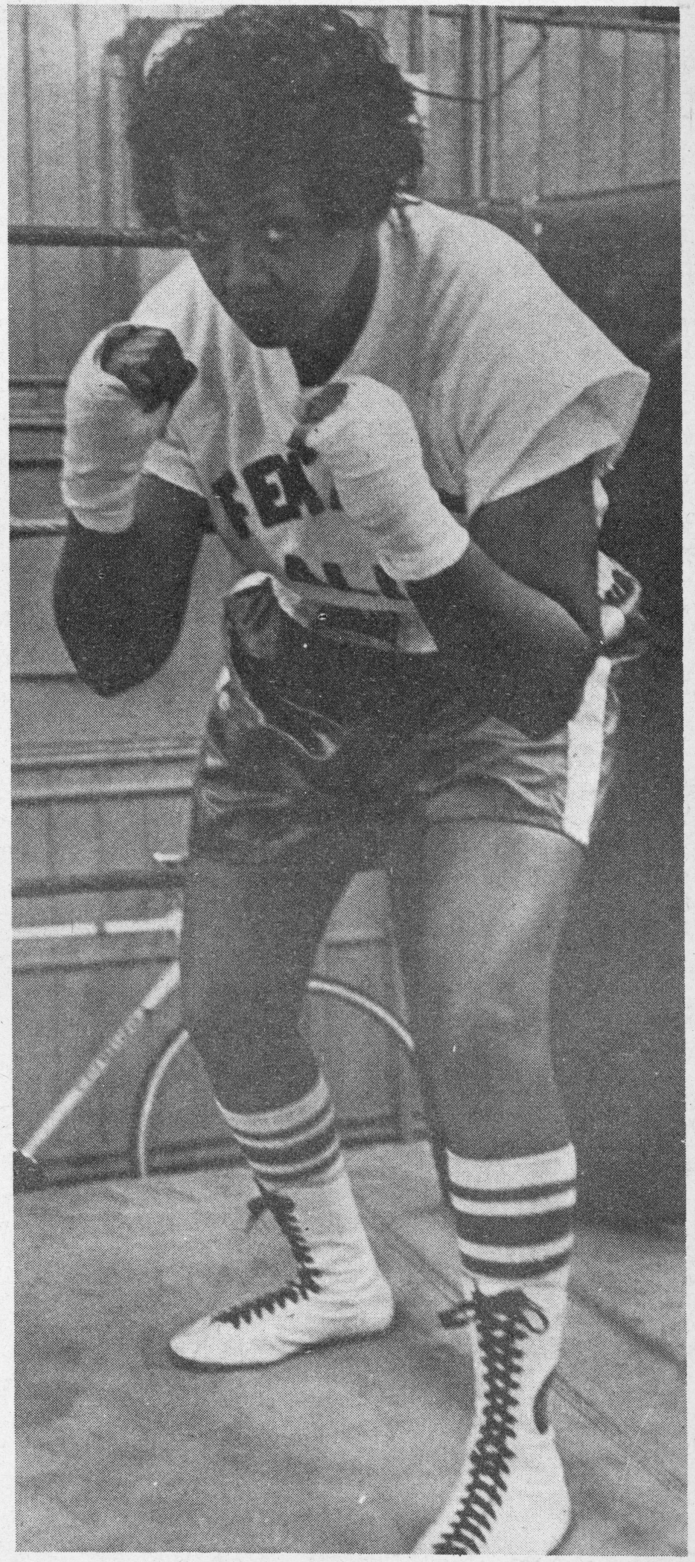
Featured here in Jackie Tonawanda, whose ambition is to 'float like a butterfly, sting like Ali', and to back this up, sports a T-shirt emblazoned 'FEMALE ALI'. The information and pictures are sent us by her close friend Johnny Dubliss (of Montoya Enterprises Inc., 311 South Spring Street—Suite 131, Los Angeles, Calif. 90012) who she was visiting in June. He describes her as 'the female world champion' and tells us she fights in Miami, Florida and, shortly, in Tokyo, Japan, against a top lady wrestler. He asks "Do you have any girls over there who would dare challenge her? Her ring record is 31 fights with 13 KO's—no losses—no draws. She is a light-heavy, fighting at 175 lb. When she goes to Japan I will be in her corner. She KO'd Larry Rodania in the second round of a scheduled six-rounder. He was an undefeated kick-boxer from Thailand."



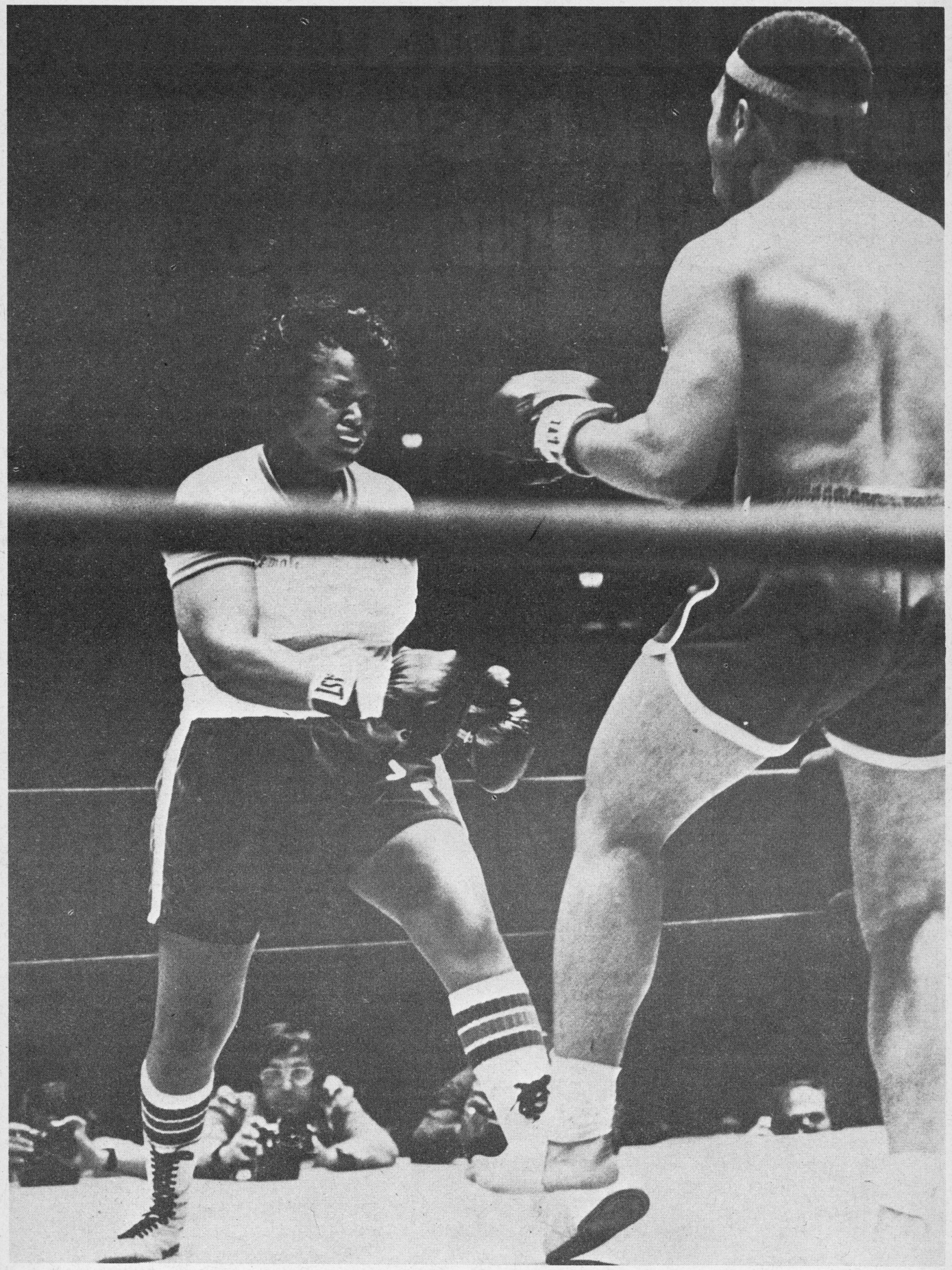
JACKIE TONAWANDA, a close-up pose during training. (Note. This pic hardly needs a caption)

Before that fight, Jackie emphasised "I don't want to fight men," but "when they said the Garden [Madison Square Garden], I couldn't believe it, this was my chance, my dream. But then they said they couldn't find a woman opponent. I was shocked. To fight men is ridiculous. Men are stronger." Nevertheless, she predicted "He has a shock coming . . . a second-round knockout . . . I don't plan on losing." All of which, as the photos show, came true.

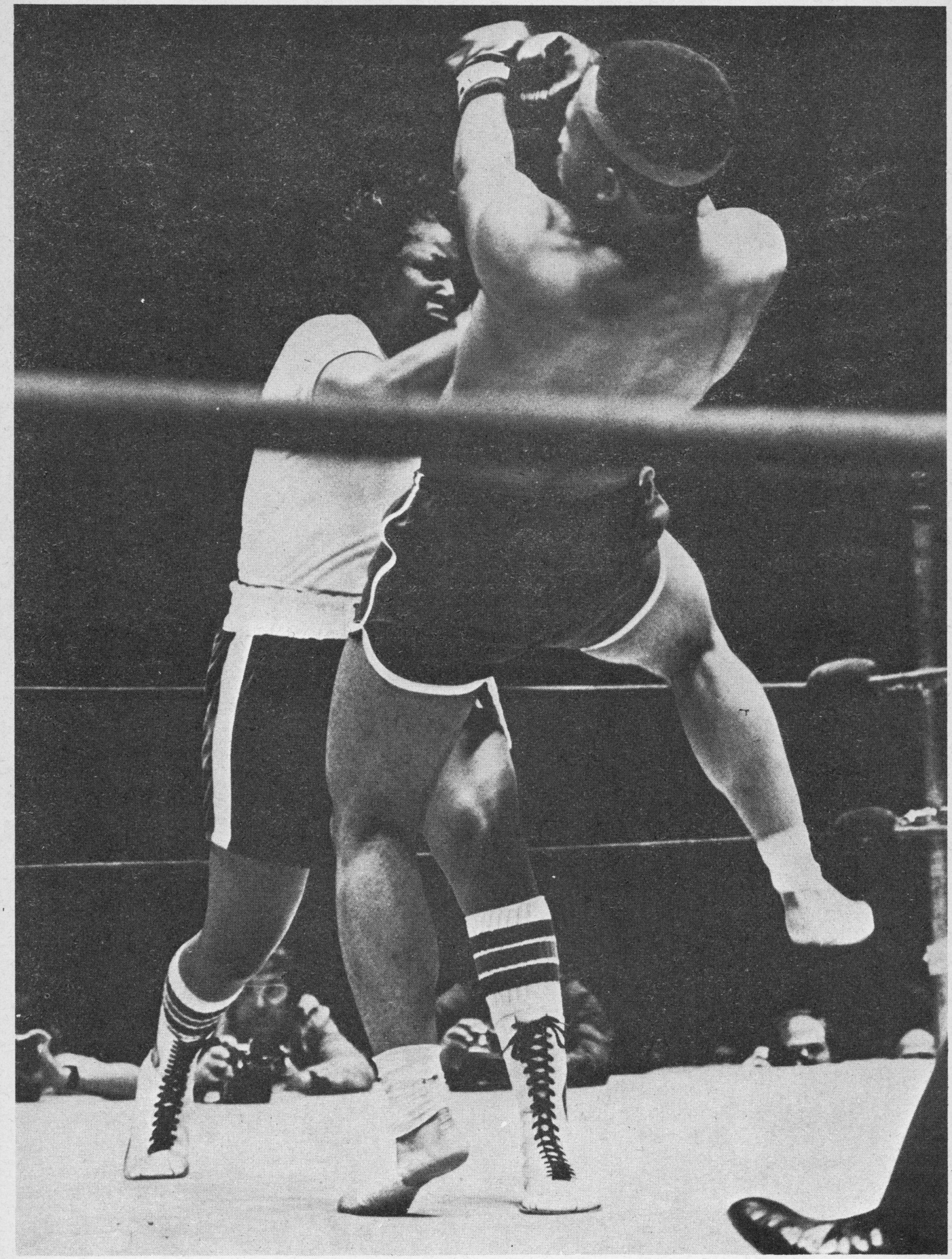
Congratulations, Jackie, and let's have some news of your fights against other women. We note you were scheduled to meet Dynamite Lil, and that you're understandably 'mad' at another girl, Kim Maybee, also claiming to be 'the female Muhammed Ali', after only two or three fights. Maybe by now you've caught up with her and been able literally to fight it out.



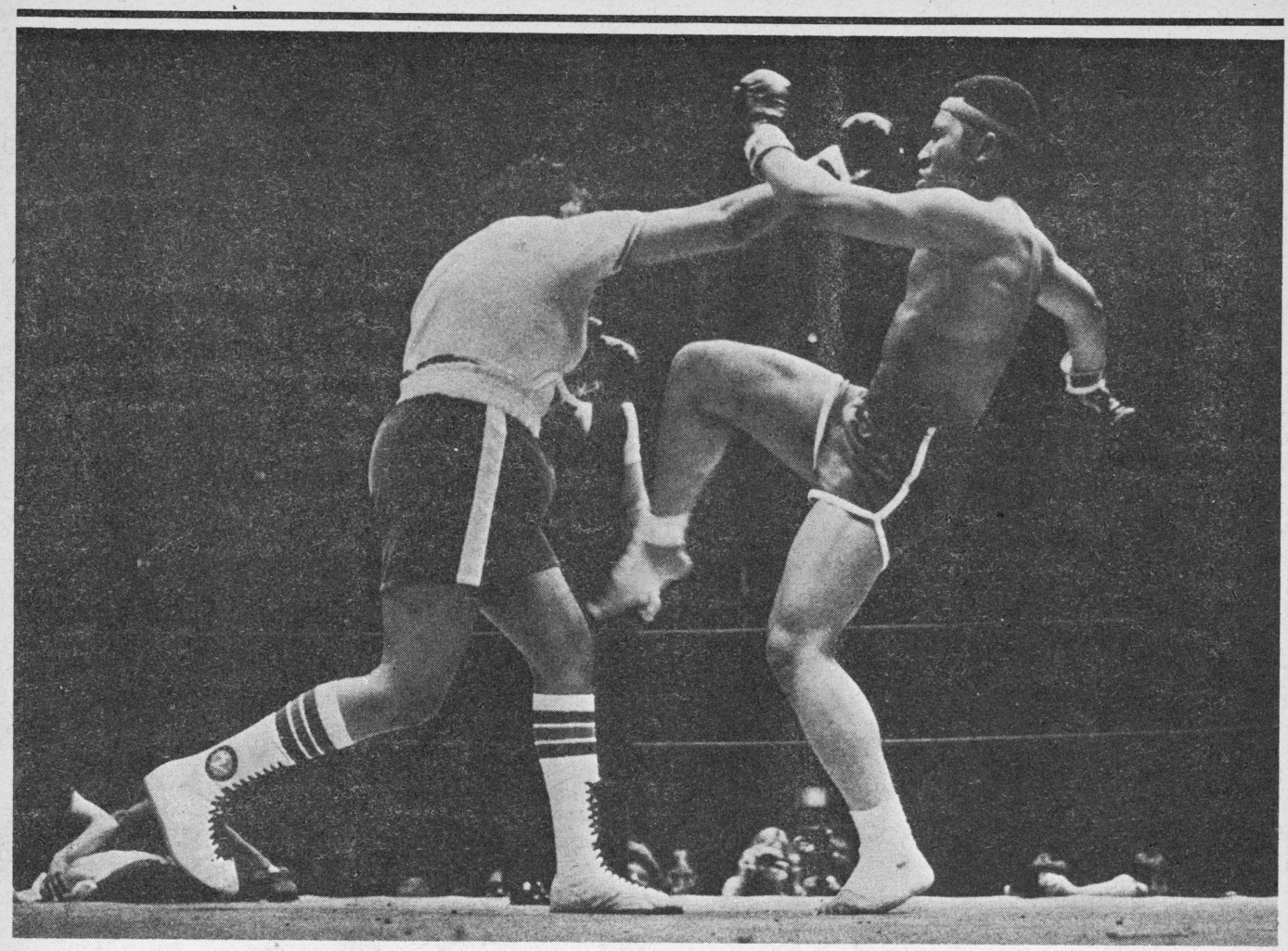
JACKIE TONAWANDA, the 'Female Ali'.



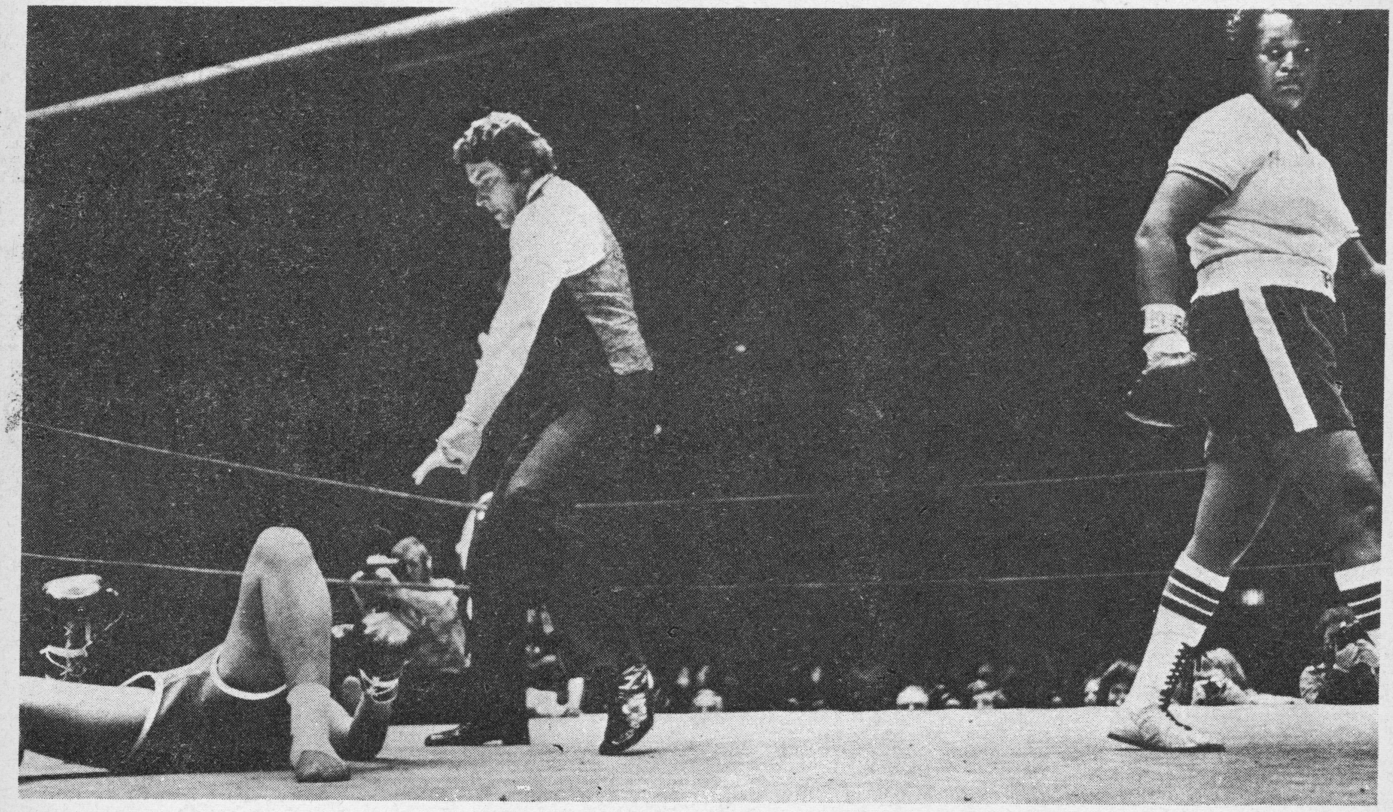
JACKIE TONAWANDA advances aggressively on Larry Rodania, hitherto-undefeated Thailand kick-boxer.



MOMENTS LATER, Larry is reeling back from the force of Jackie's attack.



ORTHODOX (if female) boxer versus kick-boxer.



A CONCLUSIVE PROOF of the superiority of hands (and gloves) to feet (and of women over men?). Jackie walks away disdainfully as Larry Rodania is counted out— as predicted, in the second round.

A WRESTLING BOUT between Vicky Montrose and Akala Jan

The match took place in the Gaiety Bar on South Parade Pier, Southsea.

The ring was small, about 14 ft. at my guess.

Vicky was out first. She wore a black one-piece costume, sleeveless, and almost backless, having the front filled in with black net to prevent the shoulder straps being pulled down. White ring boots completed her outfit.

Akala entered wearing a sari over her costume. This consisted of a one-piece suit in two-tone pink (see *Women Wrestling* No. 1, front cover), brown tights and white ring boots.

The ref called them together at the ring centre for examination and instructions and a great weight difference (Vicky told us it was about 28 lb.) was noticeable, though Vicky looked the fitter, as Akala seemed soft in the belly, with her breasts another obvious target, being probably four inches larger there than Vicky.

Vicky barely touched Akala's hand when it was offered for the usual handshake.

1st Round

After the bell Akala started proceedings with a couple of hip throws, and an exchange of knee lifts into the lower belly soon had both girls wincing. Vicky was caught in a cross-arm choke, being further punished by knees into the kidneys. Breaking for this she put on a side headlock, then rubbed Akala's face along the middle rope.

The ref parted them.

Straight away Akala got Vicky down to the canvas, putting on the painful leg split. Using all her power, Vicky countered with the same hold. The strain and pain showed on both their faces.

Akala broke first, and jumping astride Vicky she sat on her chest slapping away at the unprotected face. The latter managed to roll over until she was on top, side hand chops to the neck and chest being her reply to the face slapping.

After a quick look to see if Akala was pinned, the ref parted them again.

The last piece of action in this round saw Vicky in a front head chancery taking side hand chops into the back.

2nd Round

Akala rushed across the ring at the bell to scatter water from the bottle all over Vicky, and before she could recover from the shock she was thrown to the canvas with Akala falling on top of her.

The coloured girl decided on a bit of hair-pulling but Vicky had a painful answer to this. She grabbed a big breast in each hand and squeezed hard, forcing Akala to give up the hold on her hair.

Shortly after this Akala managed to turn Vicky over into a Boston Crab, and though she tried hard to break it, she had to submit rather than risk using up all her strength.

3rd Round

Vicky came out determined to get back into contention. She grabbed Akala's ankles and pulled her down onto the canvas. It appeared that she was going for a leg-split submission as she pushed the legs wide apart, but instead, she kicked hard at the offered groin area. There was nothing faked about it. Akala's body jerked convulsively from the pain as the kick went in. As the ref pulled Vicky away she aimed a kick in his direction.

Akala dragged herself up, rubbing the painful area.

Vicky gave her no respite, and, backing her to the ropes she drove her right knee into the pink-covered belly three or four times.

Using her superior weight, Akala turned Vicky onto the ropes, and holding her head over the top one, she kneed into the stretched stomach muscles.

Then a punch was aimed really low into Vicky's groin, but she managed to turn and take it on the top of her thigh.

They broke and returned to the ring centre.

The younger girl attacked again, getting a powerful leg scissors around her opponent's head, who managed to make it appear to be a stranglehold, thus forcing the referee to intervene.

It made Vicky a bit wild, and she knee-dropped, full weight, across Akala's breasts. One could see the flesh being flattened inside the pink costume, and it must have given the coloured girl a lot of pain.

Once she was up they tried for various holds, Akala bringing them to the canvas once more. Vicky wriggled round to bring her head and shoulders over the bottom rope, and outside the ring. Consequently the ref called for a break, and when Akala refused to do so he issued her a public warning, but, in fact, Vicky was holding her on the blind side preventing her from getting up.

When they resumed Vicky posted Akala, following up by mounting the middle rope to drive her elbow into the coloured girl's head. However, the ref got between them allowing Akala to escape further punishment.

The round ended with Akala jumping on Vicky's fingers.

4th Round

This was very short, as Akala had apparently been considerably weakened by the previous round's punishment.

Vicky soon had her on the canvas, holding one leg by the ankle. She kicked at the thigh muscles (in retaliation for some of the same punishment she had taken earlier), and as the coloured girl tried to break the hold she fell victim to a single leg Boston. Submission came quickly.

Both girls were now tiring, owing to the warm night and the heat from the ring lights. The bout was scheduled for eight five-minute rounds, so nothing could be done to ameliorate the conditions. Both girls took long swigs from the water bottles, then towelled themselves down.

5th Round

At the bell Akala rushed across the ring and tried to choke Vicky with her towel, but prompt action by the referee prevented any advantage being gained.

Vicky got back with a beautiful punch to the stomach followed by a painful arm stretch. Pulling Akala upright she forced the dark head down to the middle rope and proceeded to try to cut the eyebrows by running them along it. This, in turn, brought Vicky a public warning.

Without releasing the hold she trapped Akala on the ropes driving her knee repeatedly into the lower belly area.

Still locked together they slid to the canvas and rolled under the bottom rope onto the floor.

Neither attempted to break away so both were disqualified for it, but it did not prevent them from exchanging a few punches when they got to their feet.

I believe Vicky was the stronger at the end, though rather exhausted.

After a shower Vicky gratefully downed a pint of beer, saying: "I needed that!"

JUDELL DU LONG

Women's Amateur Wrestling 'Submissions Only' Champion

In an earlier issue of *Women Wrestling* we have featured Judell Du Long in a wrestling match with Linda Schultz, and we then promised to be writing more about this Californian wrestling champion.

Although well into her thirties, and with a teenage daughter, Judell has only been wrestling some three years. However in that time she has defended her title a dozen or more times against all the best girls she can find—and I say 'girls' advisedly, as she is often competing with opponents half her age or not much more, with all the advantages of virile youth on their side. In this time she has never once conceded a submission, let alone conceded a 'submissions' match—in many cases her unfortunate victims have themselves submitted half a dozen times or more in her usual hour-limit bouts.

Usually when writing about the girls that box and wrestle, we are hampered by the small amount of information available about them. With Judell it is just the opposite. Since 1974 she has been issuing newsletters and copies of news-clippings to her now extensive 'fan-club', which amount to an impressive amount of bumf. Her efforts to get fair publicity for women's wrestling on TV and other media; her involvement with the local gala which resulted in the 'Lady Godiva' beauty queen becoming one of her most promising up-and-coming girl wrestlers; her participation in marathon runs for charity; and her meeting with a male wrestler; all make for the most entertaining reading—as do her long-standing feuds with East-Coast wrestler Helene Lustgarten, and with the apartment and mail-order wrestlers.

But what our readers really want to know about are the wrestling matches she's had with a variety of the best wrestlers in the States—several of them until they met her also claiming to be 'champions'. Most of these bouts have been photographed and filmed. Of the photo sets, these vary in number between fifty and eighty prints or more, usually in colour, and are accompanied by a very detailed explanation of how the match went, photo by photo. The account of the match with Linda Schultz was based on one of these. The films are all colour, Super 8, usually 200 ft. Prices of films are generally around $39.00, though

Judell Du Long—Women's Amateur Wrestling 'Submissions- Only' champion: as she looks to an opponent just before they come to grips!

Judell has street-fighter Nancy Hogle trapped in a good headlock.

the price varies with film length. The photo-set prices also depend on the number of prints, between $35.00 and $50.00.

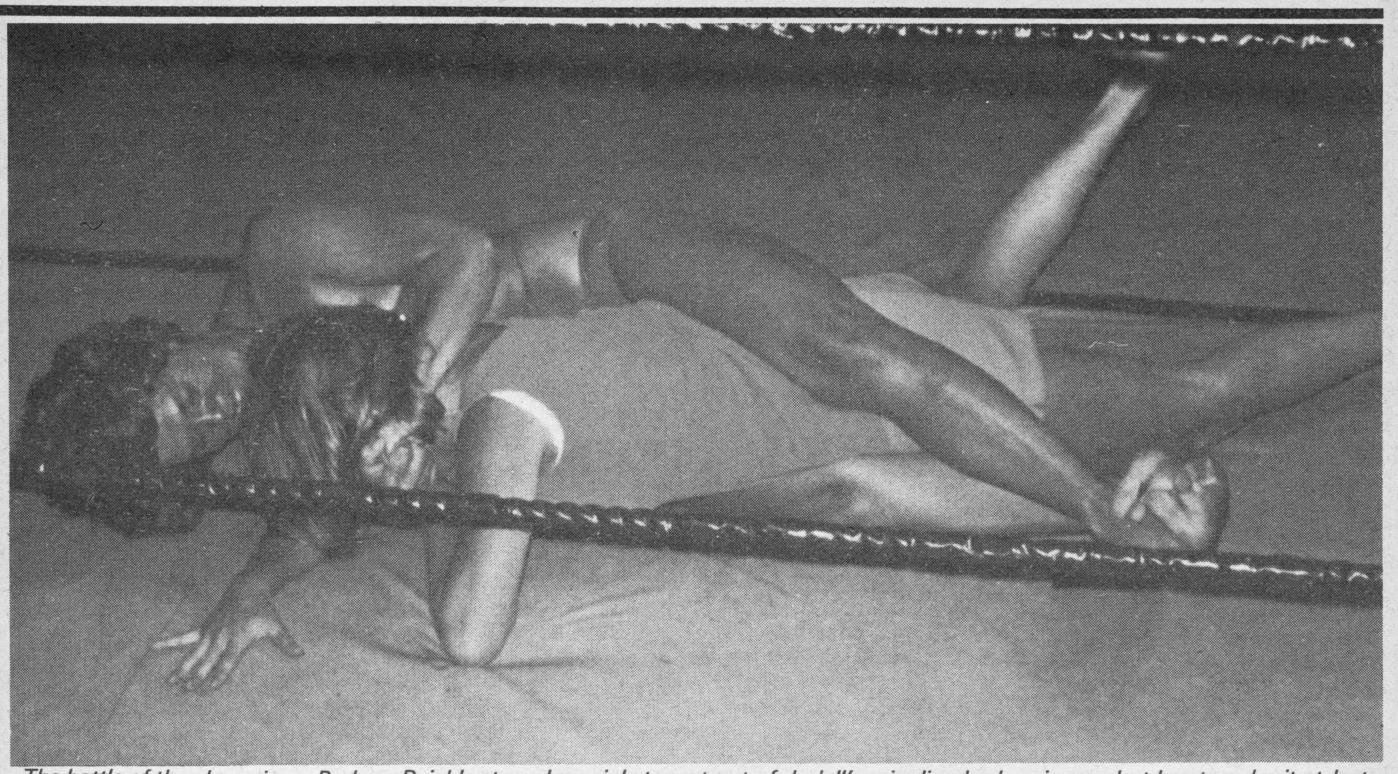
One of Judell's early bouts was with 27-year-old Nancy Hogle. Nancy is a street fighter who loves to fight. At 5 ft. 7 in. and 138 lb., she has the height and weight to be rough and she is too. In terms of raw power they are about dead even.

A fortnight before she had met Elvira Rojas (age 23, 5 ft. 2 in. and 120 lb.) for her title. Elvira bench presses over 100 lb., so don't let her size fool you.

Barbara Raichle is a well-known wrestler and boxer from the East Coast, and publishes the excellent news-sheet 'Hits and Misses'. I say from the East Coast, because she was at the time she met Judell, though she has recently moved to California herself. Maybe it will mean some more confrontations. Anyway, in January 1975 she was the title holder of the east coast A.W.W.A., and she paid a visit to L.A. during which she challenged Judell for her title. Barbara had only one previous defeat in two years, but Judell beat her in two straight falls. That sounds simple enough, but in fact I understand it was a very tough fight, and although caught in a body-scissors early on, Barbara held out in this excruciating hold for longer than anyone thought possible.

The summer and early autumn of 1975 was a busy time. In August Judell met the voluptuous Debbie Wimble, in a best two of three-fall submission only match. From Bowling Green, Kentucky, this 21-year-old, 5 ft. 4 in. 120-pounder knows how to wrestle and proved it. Yes, she has a great figure, but she can wrestle and is really great too!

Elvira Rojas, in their first match, works on Judell with her legs in a brutal body scissors.



The battle of the champions: Barbara Raichle struggles vainly to get out of Judell's crippling body scissors, but has to submit at last.

A month later and Judell was in Milwaukee for a return match with an earlier opponent, Su-Lin Brundage. It was two years since they had met first, and Su-Lin had trained long and hard in anticipation of getting her revenge. It was not to be. The score sheet shows seven submissions (all to Judell): body scissors; head stretch/grapevine; head-scissors; body scissors; body scissors reverse arm-lock; cradle/leg split; and body scissors.

Only a fortnight, and it was Nancy Erickson, known as Erika, the largest girl Judell has met. At 5 ft. 11 in. and 163 lb., this former cross-country skier from Norway may be the best from Europe. The match was for the best two of three falls—with model-like beauty she was some kind of wrestler.

In December Judell's long-awaited rematch with Elvira Rojas took place. Their first match had been great, but Judell feels that Elvira was even stronger this time. For the first time ever, Judell was hurt enough for tears to come to her eyes during the match. Elvira is fast and strong and her legs are certainly stronger now.

A week later, and the opponent was Rosalie Bardwell. Rosalie has skated as a pro with the Roller Derby for over ten years. She appeared in the film *Kansas City Bomber* with Racquel Welch (and there were some splendid fight sequences in that, for those who were lucky enough to see it before some interfering and prudish MP got it withdrawn). She has appeared as far away as Australia. She is pound-for-pound as powerful as anyone Judell has met on the mat. There was plenty of action in this best two out of three fall match.

Judell and the voluptuous Debbie Wimble circle carefully at the start of their match. A number of the bouts take place in Judell's sunny Californian garden.

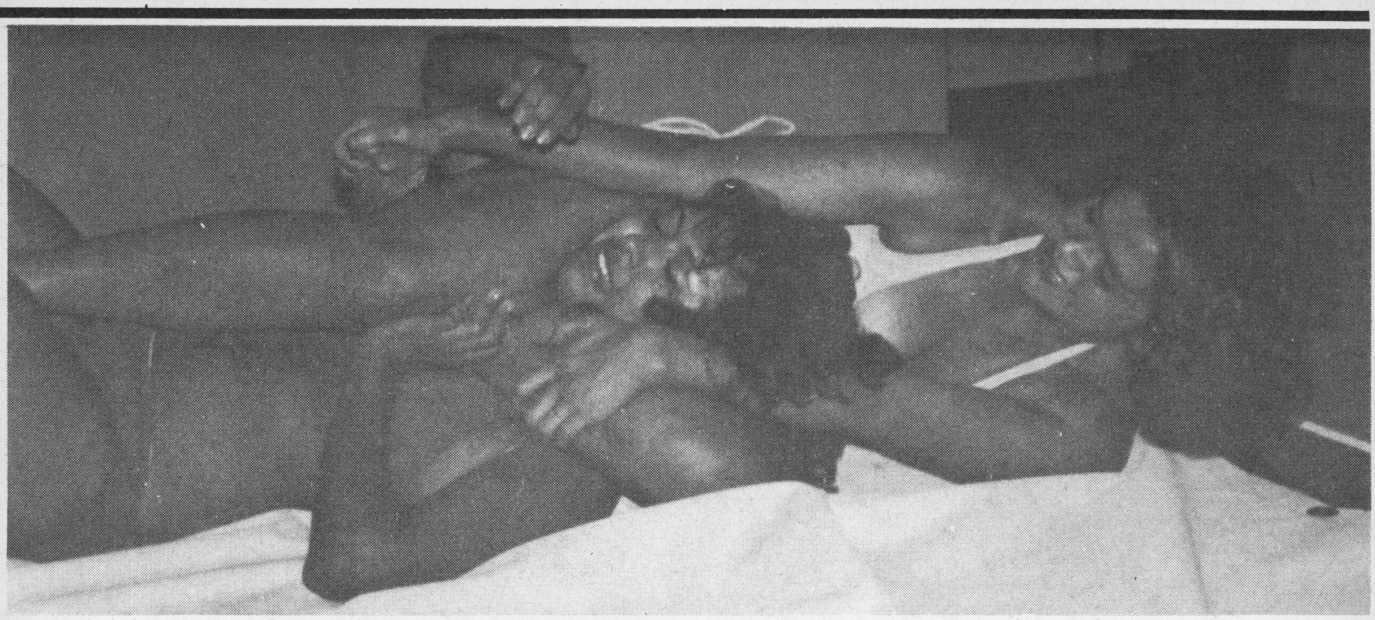
A dramatic shot of the cradle/leg-split submission hold that Judell had on Su-Lin Brundage in their return bout.

Erika (Nancy Erickson) uses her weight to pin Judell and tire her—but Judell won this 'submissions-only' match.

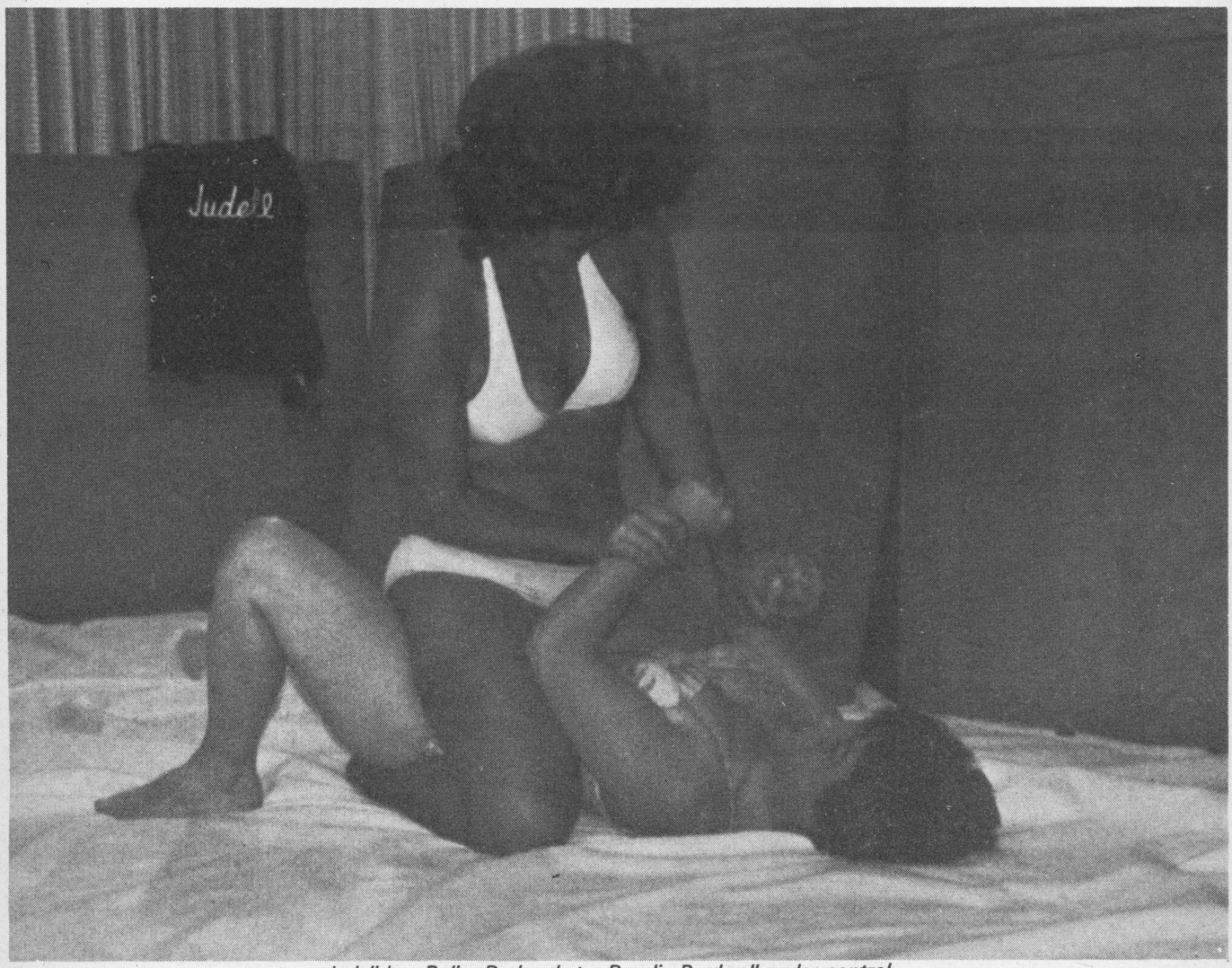
That brought the end of 1975, but Judell continues as active as ever, and we look forward to telling you more about her matches in 1976 soon. Meanwhile we end with two other, earlier, 1975 bouts.

One was against Margo Gowan, and Judell feels it may have been her most even ever. Margo is a great werestler, and used everything on Judell—to no avail.

And finally there was the fight with 19-year-old Sheila Bronson. I say 'fight' advisedly, as there was tension and hard feelings both before and after the match—unlike the vast majority of Judell's clashes, when she goes out of her way to entertain her visitors and show them every friendship and hospitality—off the mat! Apparently



The re-match with Elvira Rojas. Here she is trapped in Judell's figure-four head scissors.

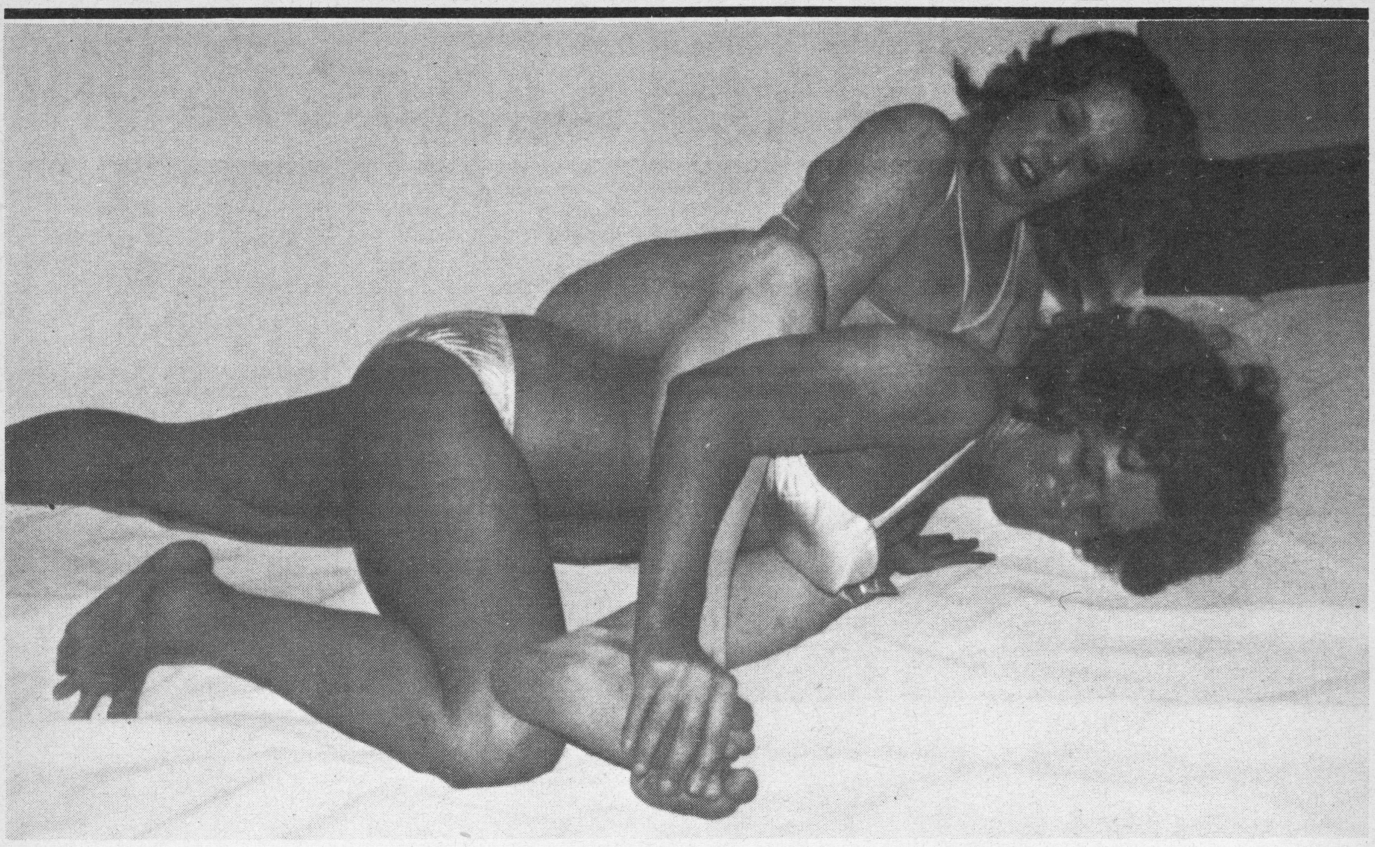


Judell has Roller Derby skater Rosalie Bardwell under control.

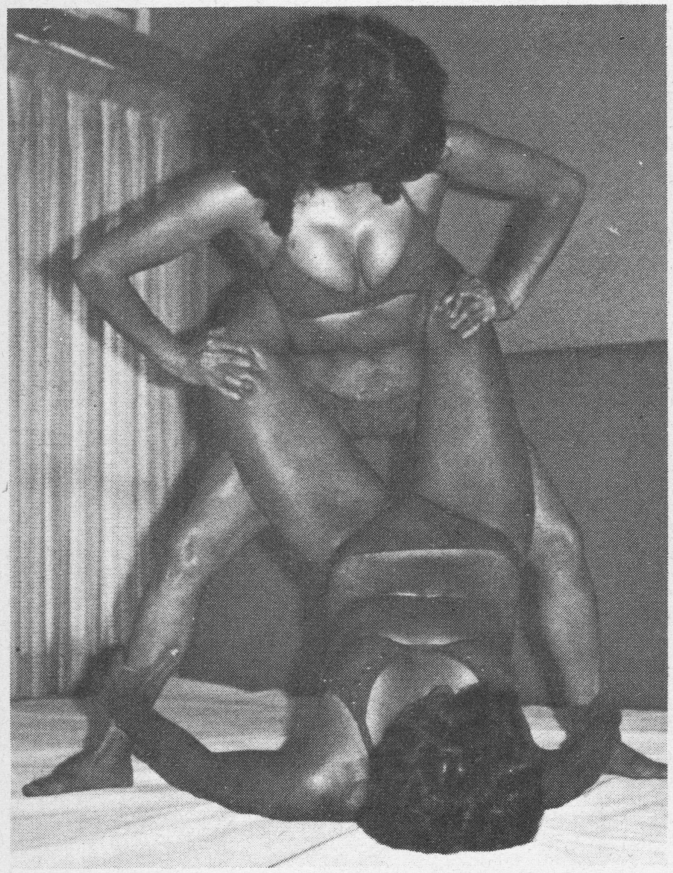
Sheila used several dirty wrestling holds that really have no place in Judell's view of the sport. As can be seen in the picture, Sheila, a former model, is attractive and strong. She fights to win in any manner. And the resultant fight was, in the opinion of at least one viewer, the best match he had ever seen and one of the roughest.

So that's Judell Du Long for you. A great lady wrestler, and one who seems to be doing more to promote the sport in the best possible way than any others, on the West Coast of the States at any rate. We look forward to seeing and hearing more of you, Judell!

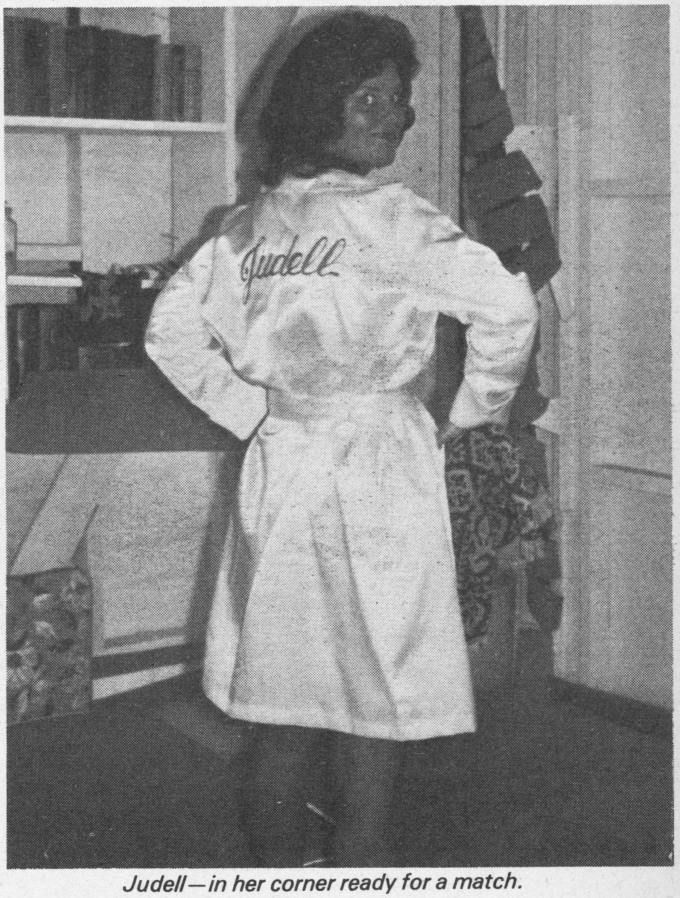
Judell Du Long will send anyone her 'sample package' in return for $4.00 sent to



A tough and mean match! Former model, 19-year-old Sheila Bronson uses her powerful legs to try to force Judell into submission.



Margo Gowan works to escape Judell's body scissors.



Judell—in her corner ready for a match.

her at her home address (no anonymous PO Box, you note): 13912 Lipkin Drive, Westminster, California 92683, USA.

This includes four or five colour photos, such as those illustrating this article, and some 38 pages of written material about her wrestling career and efforts to popularise the sport. Full details of the films and picture sets available are of course included. When writing please mention *Women Wrestling.*

FIGHTERS from the FIFTIES

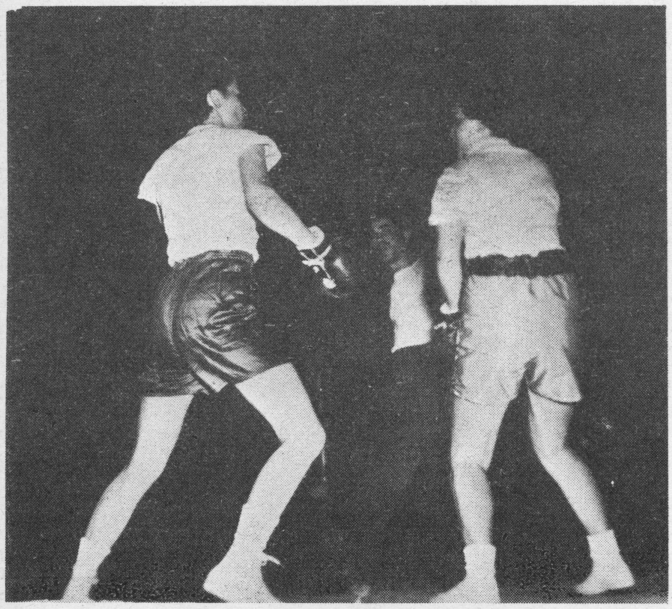
No.1

Joan Hagan & Pat Emerick

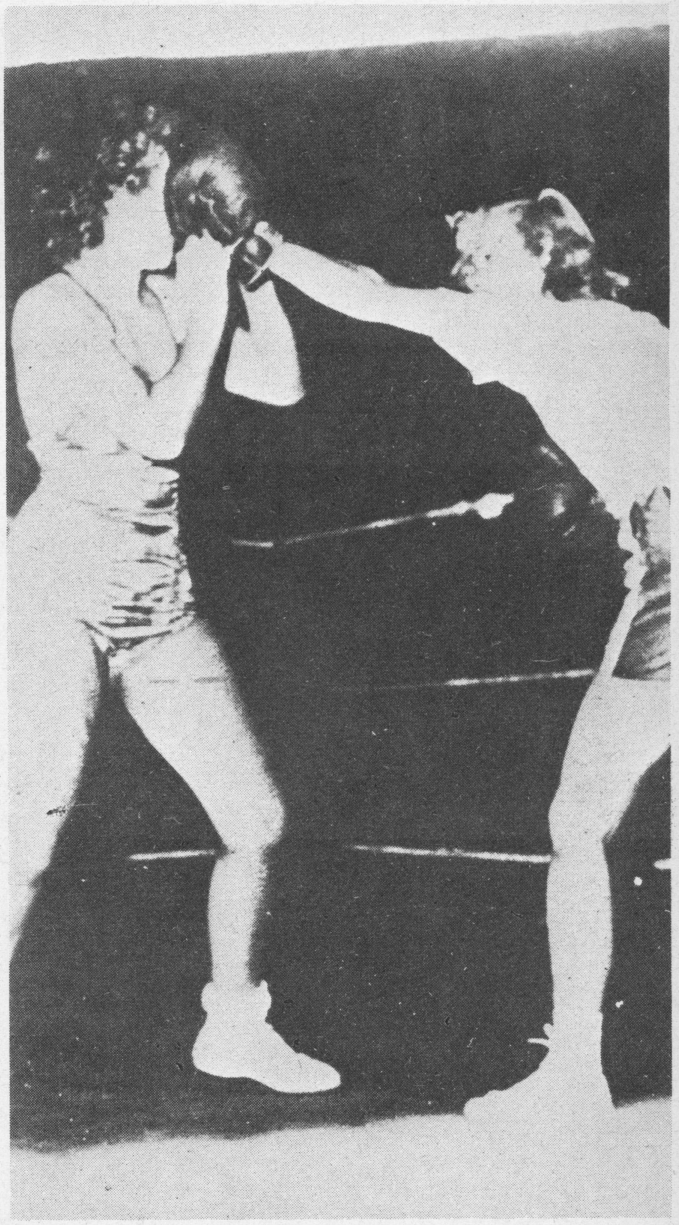
For most of the fifties Joan Hagan was the acknowledged ladies' boxing champion in the States—and of the World. An attractive, petite blonde, she was dynamite in the ring. She had many matches, and we are privileged to recall a few of these. Amongst the most action-filled, as can be seen, were those with Pat Emerick, another leading pugilist of the time.

Our illustrations show each in bouts against different opponents, and then, when the fur really flew, in two bouts against each other.

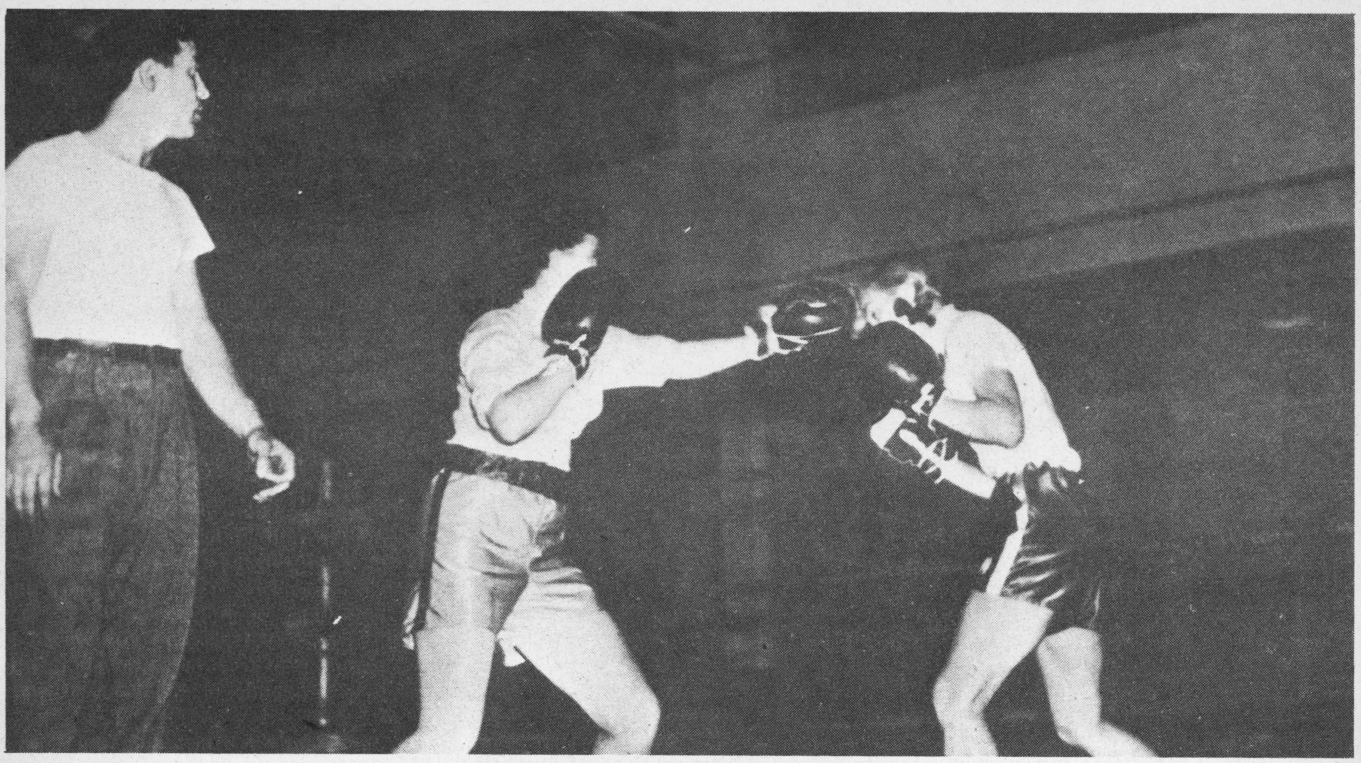
KNEES BUCKLE of Joan Hagan (back to camera) in a bout at Cincinatti against Bonnie Waters, in white trunks. However, in the way champions usualy do, Joan went on to win.



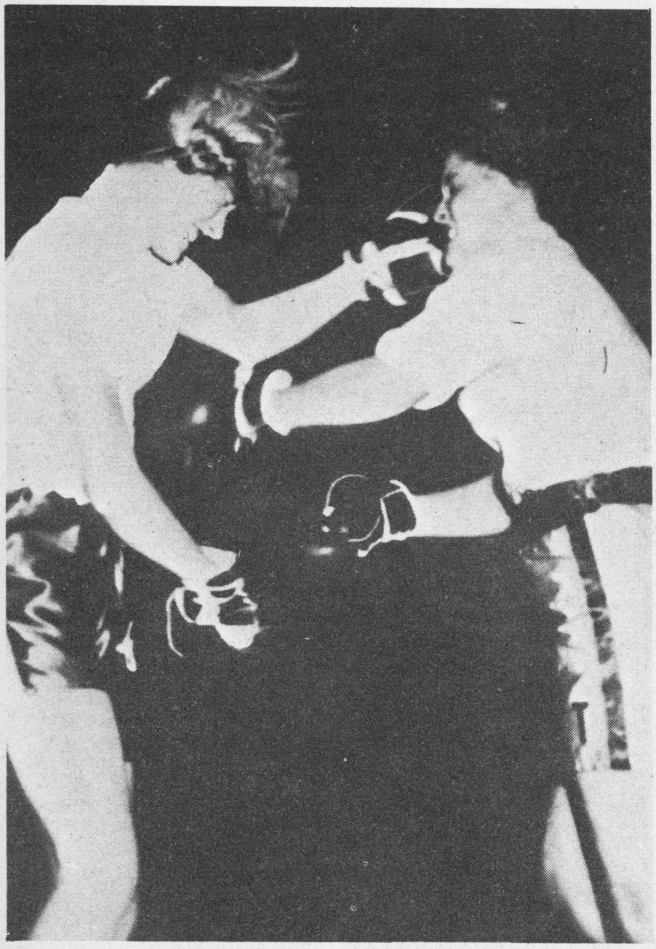
IN A HUMDINGER of a match, Audry Burrows (left) defeats Pat Emerick—but only after five rounds.



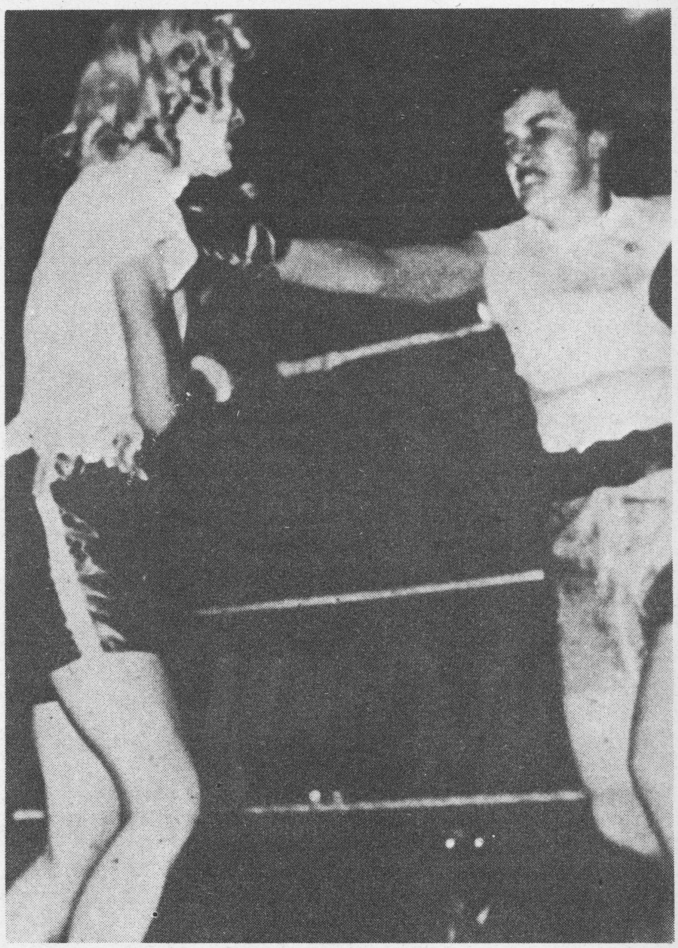
AS CHAMPION Muhammed Ali has recently shown, bouts between boxers and wrestlers are rarely satisfactory. It was tried with little more success by Joan Hagan, when she met wrestler Beverly Lehmer of Omaha, Nebrasks. It resulted in a six-round brawl with no positive decision.



PAT EMERICK had at least three years as a professional boxer. Much of that time was spent chasing the champion, Joan Hagan, but when she caught up with her the title didn't change hands. Their first bout was in Cincinatti in 1950. Here we see them at long range.



AT CINCINATTI. Pat Emerick throws a lethal-looking left at Joan Hagan's midriff, but it looks as if Joan's left will find its target first.



THE RETURN MATCH was in Des Moines, Iowa, but in spite of Pat's evident aggression, Joan Hagan proved once again that she was the mistress—in fighting terms—of her challenger.

FICTION FORUM

"The Sheik's Discovery"

After the fight between Rellis and Raza and Anticlea's decision to try her hand against one of the Sheik Abul's beginners, she is shown the rudiments of fighting and Abul selects a suitable beginner. Anticlea does a day's quick training, although she is very fit, and on the next night prepares to fight against the very young Haija, Abul's beginner.

The scene was the Sheik's tent as the night before, although Anticlea had not been able to enjoy the meal their host had laid on. Her father had dutifully agreed to watch his daughter face Haija, but secretly believed that Anticlea wouldn't last five minutes when she really got down to fighting. Watching the magnificent and dogged battle of the previous night was one thing, trying to emulate it quite another.

Abul would have been stupid to expect a fight of such quality as that between his best girls, and had arranged a much easier fight to test Anticlea's potential. She and Haija would be stripped to the waist as the redhead had agreed the previous night, but they were to fight in 8 oz. gloves, and over six three-minute rounds only.

As the girls entered the tent, Abul really studied Anticlea for the first time. He had always found it more satisfactory to judge a girl when she was as little clad as the two were now, and looking at Anticlea he liked what he saw. She was not a big girl, standing only about 5 ft. 5 in., and weighing less than 120 lb., perhaps 118 or thereabouts. Yet her figure was good, and at 36-22-35, her breasts were full and firm for her height. Her red hair was short and done in an attractive bubble cut, which tended to make her look younger than her twenty-two years. She had a good body, and muscles that were quite the match of any girl her size, smooth and lithe, with a hidden strength that manifested itself very powerfully when called upon to do so. She looked trim and was, and had a rightful pride in her fit body.

Her opponent, Haija, was another Bedouin, but much younger than Rellis. She was perhaps fifteen years old, an age at which most Arab girls had been married for two or three years, but somehow she had not been taken. Probably because it was the Arab way to prefer fatter girls, and very few would be interested in a slim, lissom, fawn-like girl. Abul had always, by some strange anomaly preferred his women lithe, and he thought he had a great find in Haija. She was a popular member of his harem, and was threatening to replace some of the older girls in the Sheik's favour. Her learning of the noble art had further increased his interest in her, and since he had only two wives at present, it seemed likely that she would become his third within the year.

Before that though, came her training, and Abul took his fighters' training and well-being seriousy. Haija was beginning, and as all beginners, had to have some trial bouts. This comparatively easy one against Anticlea would be a good start for her.

VERY CONSCIOUS

Anticlea's full lips, and blue eyes showed her nervousness as they waited to begin, but Haija was taking it all in her stride, and seemed not in the least worried by what was about to take place. The English girl was very conscious of her semi-nudity when she compared her figure with Haija's. The Bedouin girl was very much less well-developed than she, and must have measured nearer 33-20-32, despite her inch height advantage, weighing scarcely 8 stone (112 lb.).

Anticlea was not ready to worry yet though, and was determined to see how well the Arab girl fought before attempting to rate her chances.

Yasmin was in attendance as timekeeper and inspector again, though it was unlikely that she would be called in to officiate in the latter capacity over such a short fight.

The physical odds were thus with the redhead, but Abul was conscious that her fuller bosom might cause her more discomfort than Haija's small-breastedness would have to take. He considered the balance a fair one.

His girl was dressed as usual in silk loin-cloth and sandals, but Anticlea had elected to wear her own belted beach shorts which were quite suitable. The khaki contrasted well with Haija's blood-red silk, and the difference in skin and eye-colour was more marked than in the previous fight, Haija dark and coffee-coloured, her eyes black, and Anticlea very light skinned, and blue-eyed.

They waited silently for the bell to go, and when it did, approached each other cautiously, both feeling their way, and acutely conscious that every move was being watched by a keen Sheik, and a slightly worried father.

Haija was taking the fight in her stride, and came in unselfconsciously to meet the English girl, who although she was eager to cross fists with her, was not so much at ease.

As a result the first exchanges clearly went to the Bedouin, and she led off well with a series of lefts, peppering Anticlea around the face, and sending her back across the tent, head jolted, and short hair flopping slightly. Haija's punches were light but crisp, and she was hurting Anticlea enough to worry the girl's father.

He underestimated his daughter though. She was quite prepared to take a bit of a stinging before she found her feet, and Haija's well-directed blows were rousing her to action. For a while she didn't retaliate strongly, but when the dusky-skinned Arab girl started a third spell of fighting, Anticlea struck out hard. They were positioned so as to give the redhead a better look at the body than the head, and she startled Haija by the power and accuracy of her punching to the stomach. The youngster fell back hurt, and a feeling of respect for the compact British girl arose.

Nevertheless she pressed on with her attack as soon as the shock of her repulse had worn off. Anticlea countered well to the body, and within a few seconds was trading head blows with equal power, but finding that the head was a smaller target, and losing accuracy because of it. She did land a couple of good ones, and a left hook had Haija dazed for a second or two.

THE REDHEAD WAS HURT

Going for the head as she was, Anticlea allowed Haija to get in to the body more easily, and towards the end of the first round the redhead was hurt badly by the first punch to the bust that she had to take. Haija slammed in a right hook with full power, and she was almost doubled by the sudden pain that tore up from her left breast where the punch had buried itself. She fell back, emitting a small gasp of pain, but covering instinctively and preventing the Bedouin girl from scoring again. She hit out as Haija came in to land a second, and within a split instant they both connected with breast-punches.

Abul saw immediately that Anticlea suffered much more pain from the blow than Haija, but she was not lacking in spirit, and despite the pain that was coursing through her she hit back almost as it landed, and his girl was not able to score again.

Round one finished shortly afterwards, and the girls returned to their corners a little flushed, and slightly marked, Anticlea pinked around the face, Haija showing a darker band across her stomach. A quick sluice down with a sponge-full of water, and they were fit to start again.

In the second Haija tried to open things up a bit, and used a varied attack, first to the head, and later the body, in an attempt to slow down Anticlea with her discomfort and score a premium from it. But the English girl wasn't having it, and stood up to everything Haija threw at her with commendable resistance. Anticlea was beginning to sweat heavily by the end of the round, and as she got more into the match her inhibitions, and any fears she may have had, were overcome by the need for action, and she began to mix it using her weight to good effect.

She continued to get stuck in throughout the third, and half-way through the round a significant exchange took place.

It started with Haija going for Anticlea's body, and after driving two heavy belts into her breast, which visibly hurt the older girl, and following it with a hook to the belly, and two crisp punches to the face, she reverted to the chest, and pummelled at Anticlea's larger breasts while she had her pinned in a corner. The pain was more than a raw beginner, even of the redhead's courage, could bear, and she went to her knees to take a count. She rose at eight, and went straight into the attack.

Haija was taken aback by the explosive violence of Anticlea's combeback, and walked into a belly punch that knocked the wind out of her. She fell back trying to escape the redhead's punching, and went into a crouch, protecting her head with her gloved hands, and her chest with her elbows.

Anticlea laced into her, slamming one heavy blow after another into her ribs, until she began to feel the impact translated right up to her shoulder, despite the thickly padded 8 oz. gloves. They were bruising, hurtful blows, and Haija had to fight back before she was badly knocked about. As soon as she moved from her lock-out crouch, the redhead struck, and in spite of her inexperience, produced two lethal-looking right uppercuts which ploughed into the Arab's small bosom. A squeak of pain was wrung from her, and she tried to cover up again. This time she didn't get her body-guard down low enough, and Anticlea swung a haymaking left at her navel. It connected, and the air was driven from the dark girl's lungs with a whoosh. She went limp for a moment, and the shielding hands fell away from her face. Anticlea swung again, without finesse, but with great power, at her opponent's head, catching her full on the temple, and sending her crashing down on her side on the sand.

ABUL WAS DELIGHTED

Abul was delighted. He detected a killer-streak in the redhead, having come back from the beating she had taken in the early part of the round, and he looked forward to a knockout now, where he had thought a good even six rounds would be boxed out rather leisurely.

From that point on, any leisure was gone. The girls closed after Haija had risen, and lashed out at each other with the greatest fervour, both believing she could win, and both trying to.

The rest of the third was a slugfeast as they stood close and slammed hard punches into each other's body.

When Yasmin whistled up for the end of the third, two heavily-breathing and very battered fighters went to their corners. Superficially Anticlea was more battered than Haija, but it was the Arab's darker skin which was hiding the marks of the punishment she had taken.

The British girl was in a mess from the breasts upwards, but her stomach had hardly been touched. At some time during the round her mouth had been cut, and now the blood was trickling down her face, and splashing onto her body. Some of it had spread over to Haija, and they were both liberally smeared. They took a bit of reviving to freshness, but to Abul's (and the Colonel's) amazement, it was Anticlea who showed herself best able to recover quickly, and as they started the fourth, it was clear that she was going to win.

It took her only a minute. She stormed in, belting Haija with incredible rapidity, and from all angles, and soon had her reeling across the floor, ricocheting off the tent walls, and back on to the receiving end of a hail of blows. Blood sprang from her nose and from cut lips, to stream down her chin and bespatter her breasts. She was bound to weaken, and was already dazed as she was set up for the kill. The redhead caught her with several blows to the bosom, which, although they didn't hurt her as much as Anticlea, had a very unsettling effect, and then dazed her further with a quick series of head punches, fuelling the flow of blood.

Haija was trapped in a corner, and had almost lost her bearing. Mercilessly the redhead bore down on her, keeping the Bedouin girl's guard high with light taps to the face before slamming in two crushing wallops to the belly, one to the navel, and the second to the solar plexus. Haija doubled, out on her feet, and it was left to Anticlea to despatch her with a haymaker to the jaw.

The slim, dark-skinned Arab went sprawling across the sanded floor, ending in a prostrate heap. The once-glistening red silk of her loin-cloth was by now darkened and sodden with sweat. Sand had stuck to this and to the sheen of perspiration which covered her lithe body. As she lay, pain-wracked and shuddering, her small breasts heaving as she fought for breath, she suddenly no longer looked to Anticlea the menacing fully-grown Bedouin with whom she had been battling, but the young teenager she really was, pathetically and unexpectedly overwhelmed in this her first fight.

Not that the English girl allowed this to worry her unduly—she knew how delighted this same teenager would have been to have had her so clearly defeated. For defeated Haija was. The last punch had knocked her completely unconscious, so that they all knew that the count that Yasmin was intoning was a mere formality. As the fatal 'Ten' was reached, Anticlea strode forward, and, allowing her gloved arm to be raised in the victrix's salute, placed a foot on the fawn-like recumbent figure of her vanquished foe.

Turning, she looked with delight at the Sheik and her amazed father. The redhead had won, and Sheik had made a great discovery.

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WHO IS BRITISH CHAMPION?

Dear Sirs,

Please find enclosed my request for *Women Wrestling* starting Vol. 1, No. 2. I recently bought Vol. 1 No. 1 from my newsagent and am glad that a publication of this nature is now on the market at such a competitive price as it is long overdue in this country.

I noted that Sue Brittain is named as British No. 1 but according to 'Ringsport' boxing and wrestling journal the top British girl is Viv Martell from Ellesmere Port. Can you comment?

The action photos of Sue, Belle Starr, Vicky Montrose and others were excellent and I look forward to seeing more of them and others like Viv who is my favourite. An action photo of her with her red hair and 46-28-38 figure against Mitzi Mueller of Manchester at 42-24-36 or Rita Lester would double sales of your next issue.

Also what about the Scottish women's wrestling champion Lena Blair who now lives in Liverpool or the Australian champion Susan Waddingham 40-26-36 who has recently started work as a 'bunny girl' at the London Playboy Club.

Might I suggest that you could perhaps do personal interviews with some of the top girl grapplers regarding how they became interested in the sport, how much training they do, number of bouts they have a month, toughest opponent, etc. Also height and weight.

Also any information regarding existing or proposed fan clubs for the girl pros. If the men can command fan clubs—which I have seen advertised in 'Ringsport'—I think the demand for membership of girl wrestlers' fan clubs would be even greater.

I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Yours sincerely,
J.M.G., Scotland

Dear Sir,

Congratulations to you and your staff on publishing *Women Wrestling* and wishing you every success with the magazine. I'm glad that you have included a reader's section for us, the readers.

A question which I would like to ask you is: in the magazine it is stated that Sue Brittain is the British Women's Wrestling Champion but in another wrestling magazine it states that Mitzi Mueller is the British Champion. Who is the real ladies champion then? Sue or Mitzi? Have the two ever met?

If not is there the possibility of a match between them to decide who is the champion? Perhaps Sue Brittain would answer these questions?

I also would like to make a few suggestions which I believe would make the magazine more interesting.

On the front cover in colour in Vol. 1, No. 1, you show two ladies wrestling but there is no mention at all who the ladies are, so please, in future, please state the ladies' names: Sue Brittain and Akala Jan. This applies to the section where you describe the holds: you name only one lady where there's two.

Finally I would like to see the centre pages in colour, which would look great. Looking forward to issue two.

Yours sincerely,
Derek, London

Ed. comment: Sue Brittain is the acknowledged champion of the British Wrestling Alliance, a group of independent promoters of wrestling tournaments. Mitzi Mueller and Viv Martell are two of many girls who wrestle for promoters unconnected with the B.W.A. We at Women Wrestling *are only too anxious to publicise them and their activities, and indeed girls from all over Britain and the world, and will be pleased to hear more from you, our readers. We agree we'd like to see matches between Sue Brittain and Mitzi, Viv, and others—but that's a matter for the promoters.*

As for fan clubs, we'd support these too—certainly the girls deserve them. But they need a dedicated fan to run them (not *our editorial staff!*). *Should anyone want to start one, let us know and we'll be pleased to publicise it*—free!

Dear Sir,

Many congratulations on your excellent magazine and continued success for the future.

Do you think we could have a feature on Mitzy Mueller, 'The Blonde Bomber', in a future issue. I have seen her in action quite a few times. The most recent occasion was in Southampton. She lost to the Black Widow, but the Black Widow was disqualified for drugging the water bottle.

Good luck again.

Yours sincerely,
S.H.V. I.o.W.

FAN FROM THE 'FIFTIES

Dear Sir,

At last, a fine British magazine for women wrestling enthusiasts. Your emphasis on the skills of the sport and vivid accounts of the fights make good reading.

I know of two 'sexy type' publications which emphasise the sex side of the sport which, I believe, does it an injustice—the type of magazine not suitable for children. Your magazine, however, is one that children can read without embarrassment and also learn the finer points of the game. The women contestants featured can be nothing but pleased to have this good publicity—as can their relatives and friends.

Most people enjoy watching a good fight between two well matched wrestlers or boxers. Similarly, two good looking women fighting it out in the ring is a fine sight to behold.

I believe that American women wrestlers of the 1950-1960 period were the best ever. The good looking blonde—Penny Bonner once said in a TV interview that her job was "To fight in the wrestling ring with the object of knocking out the other lady." She still wrestles in the USA and has many knockouts to her credit.

The luscious Judy Grable, the ruthless Rita Cortez, the superb figure of Ella Waldek all took part in singles, tag matches and battles royal.

I have a lovely series of photographs showing the end of a female battle royal with four of the girls knocked out on the canvas with the exhausted but happy victor being congratulated by her mum and dad in the centre of the ring.

I hope the sport of Women Wrestling and your magazine make the progress they deserve.

Yours sincerely,
S.M., Norfolk

Can you let us have your photos for publication, Mr. Makin?—Ed.

FICTION AND FANTASY—FOR AND AGAINST

Dear Mr. Reynolds,

Congratulations on No. 1 of *Women Wrestling,* a book that many of us have been waiting a long time for, and let's hope that *Women Wrestling* will be on the market for many years.

I have read ALL of J. T. Edson's books, which have been great, although even he seems to be dropping the girl fights now. His last two books in the cowboy series had no fights at all.

I am always interested to read about fights on TV or the Cinema screen, although most of them are old films, with just a possible chance of seeing them on TV. One I have not seen mentioned in any of the books is 'Women in Chains' (1972) shown on TV a few weeks ago, where at

the start there is a fight between Jessica Walters and a huge blonde, with Jessica winning with a powerful punch to the blonde's midriff. Towards the end of the film Ida Lupino, the villainess, fights the heroine Belinda Montgomery. Unfortunately most of the fight takes place in the darkness, but it is quite good, with the girls rolling over and over. Finally Belinda gets astride the tough Miss Lupino, and in her fury starts to choke the life out of her, but she is stopped before she chokes her to death.

Because of lack of books and films I have written a series of stories myself, concerning a lovely young girl detective who tries to break up a gang of girl smugglers, led by a powerful Madame. My heroine gets into all sorts of scraps with various members of the gang, is kidnapped, left bound, gets free and fights her way out of the place. At the moment she has failed to stop Madame with her smuggling, as fast as she captures a gang girl, after a fight, and hands her over to the police, Madame takes on another tough female. If any reader would like to have copies of these stories plus the ones I am now writing, I shall be glad to forward them on, all I ask for is postage cover.

I hope you are able to publish some photos of that wonderful girl Betty Page, who boxed, wrestled and posed for bondage pictures. I hope too that we shall see some of 'Milo's' drawings in *Women Wrestling,* they are great.

Yours sincerely,
GEETEE

Thank you, 'GEETEE', but we can't pass on your stories until we have your address!—Ed.

Dear Mr. Reynolds,

While visiting the home country last weekend, I was both surprised and pleased to find *Women Wrestling* Vol. 1, No. 1 on sale.

I certainly believe girls have a place in professional wrestling, although I do not share that view regarding boxing, and so I purchased a copy of your magazine hoping to see British Professional Girl Wrestling honestly and honourably presented. In this respect I was disappointed, because some sadistic content was included, becoming most evident towards the end of the magazine and particularly in 'Fiction Forum, Gym Bout'.

I would not want to interfere with those who are sufficiently honest with themselves to want to meet and take part in nude fights, for the pleasure of seeing their opponent get hurt, or enjoy getting hurt themselves; or wanting a magazine where this is described. I do question the wisdom of linking this to professional girl wrestling, particularly at a time when the girls are still not allowed to wrestle in the London area. You may have seen the recent television interviews with Mitzi Mueller, which included an extract from one of her wrestling bouts with Lolita Loren. I am sure their wrestling was far more skilful and sporting than some of the male wrestlers who occupy the Saturday afternoon ITV spot. Certainly, I hope that in the near future professional girl wrestling will be fully accepted, so that television wrestling, as well as local promotions, will include girl bouts, and I would urge you to help this cause through your new magazine.

Leave others to specialise in stories and pictures of nude girls fighting and let all tales of fantasy be confined to that publication.

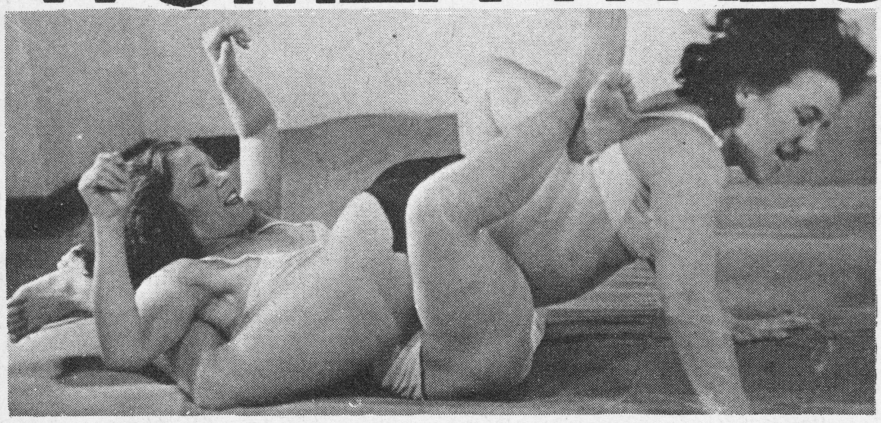
I shall look forward to your next issues of *Women Wrestling* and if the magazine develops as I hope it will, I shall certainly become a subscriber.

Yours sincerely,
T.V., W. Germany

Thank you, Mr. Vernon. Whilst we're not sure that the fiction, or 'fantasy', section should be cut out—some readers definitely like this—we do agree that sadism and sex has no part in what we wish to publish in Women Wrestling. *We hope you feel we have been successful in subsequent issues.—Ed.*

DON'T BE FORCED INTO DEFEAT AND MISS OUT ON FUTURE ISSUES OF

WOMEN WRESTLING



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CAN WOMEN'S BOXING SUCCEED? by AJAX

Part Two THE CASE FOR

I related a good part of the views put forward by the opponents of women's boxing in my last article and let it be understood that that was a general view. Unfortunately it still is, but there are some signs that it is losing the complete stranglehold that it once had. This is happening because women are coming forward who want to be involved in boxing, and either have not heard about or have given no credence to the usual view of things.

Yet a good part of the infidel view is true. It *is* the case that woman's bone structure is lighter than man's; it *is* true that by and large woman is not so strong; it *is* true that her reproductive organs are exposed to attack. However, a great deal of the infidel case is false, also. A woman's stamina is by no means insufficient, and she certainly can maintain the pace of boxing, in this case even probably longer than a man could. She does run risks with her looks, but if she is to box then she will be prepared to come to terms with this.

The case against women's boxing contains one of the grossest libels ever set to paper though—that women do not possess enough courage to face the rigours of boxing, and cannot endure the pain involved.

I have seen this either explicit or implicit many times, and would make a repudiation of the view in the very strongest terms. It is in no way true that women are possessive of less courage than men, and in this case frequently the reverse. Courage or lack of it is a purely personal factor, which cannot possibly be brought to bear in any argument against women doing whatever they wish. As soon as society accepts this simple truth, much of the argument against women boxing disappears. It is a view that has held sway for too long, and must be totally rejected in this or any other context. The same goes for the endurance of pain, something that women will score over men at all levels.

The case *for* the sport can be made equally as strongly as that against, but depends to a great extent on the physical and mental qualities of the women who wish to involve themselves. It can be said with justification that strength need not necessarily be a factor in the sport. This is also true of the matter of light bone structure. Both are really irrelevant, as when we put a case in favour of women donning the gloves, it depends on their personal readiness to face and come to terms with the diverse problems of the sport. No-one is trying to force women to take part if they feel inadequate. For anyone, boxing will be a painful and exhausting sport, possibly the more so for women as their bodies are more vulnerable to attack than a man's. This does ot mean that by proper training this vulnerability cannot be minimized. I take particular exception to the notion that a

woman's muscle shield is too poor to enable her to take heavy body punishment. There is no reason whatever why it should not be developed to very high levels of efficiency. That would do away with one of the main arguments that have been used against the sport, the fact that the reproductive organs are likely to be damaged by heavy punishment around the belt-line. It would not, however, answer the objection about the breasts being exposed to attack. Indeed, there is nothing that can be done about this, apart from the use of protective padding, and women who wish to box, frequently state that they do not like the idea of wearing it. They are, therefore, more than prepared to take the risks attendant upon fighting with breasts unprotected.

It has often been stated, sometimes strongly, that punches to the breasts can cause serious damage. No definite information in support of this has ever been produced though, and such evidence as has been available from time to time has suggested that the risks are enormously exaggerated. In any event, there is a feeling that boxing between women should not seek to remove this difficulty, as it would be a major factor in the development of tactics that are more suited to the woman's sport. Women boxers do not wish to feel that they are being forced into the position of appearing as little more than second rate male fighters, and have every right to be allowed to develop the sport in their own way.

The essence of boxing is that it is very arduous and demanding. Women are not afraid to meet the sport at this level, and anything that tends to detract from its nature will not be welcomed by she who wishes to have herself really extended in fistic competition.

Courage and endurance are the province of no one sex, and unless women are allowed to display both in full measure the sport will not be as it should. It would be but a pale copy of the real thing. To perform in such a watered down version of the sport as it suggested by the 'anti' lobby would lead to little satisfaction for the female fighters.

It can therefore be stated that women do have the drive, persistence, courage and stamina to take part successfully in boxing. Any woman thinking of taking it up would need to study and come to terms with the problems she is likely to meet in the ring. Real boxing may well discourage many from taking part, but the sport is probably better served by their absence, for it would provide a great challenge if fought naturally and well.

Questions as to the advisability of taking the risks involved, and being prepared to stand up to tough punishment, becoming durable enough to withstand the pressures involved, are matters for each individual boxer herself, and should not be imposed from outside.

Make sure of your copy by placing a regular order with your news-agent or take advantage of the money-saving sub-scription coupon you will find inside this issue.

MITSURU UEHIRA

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